PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

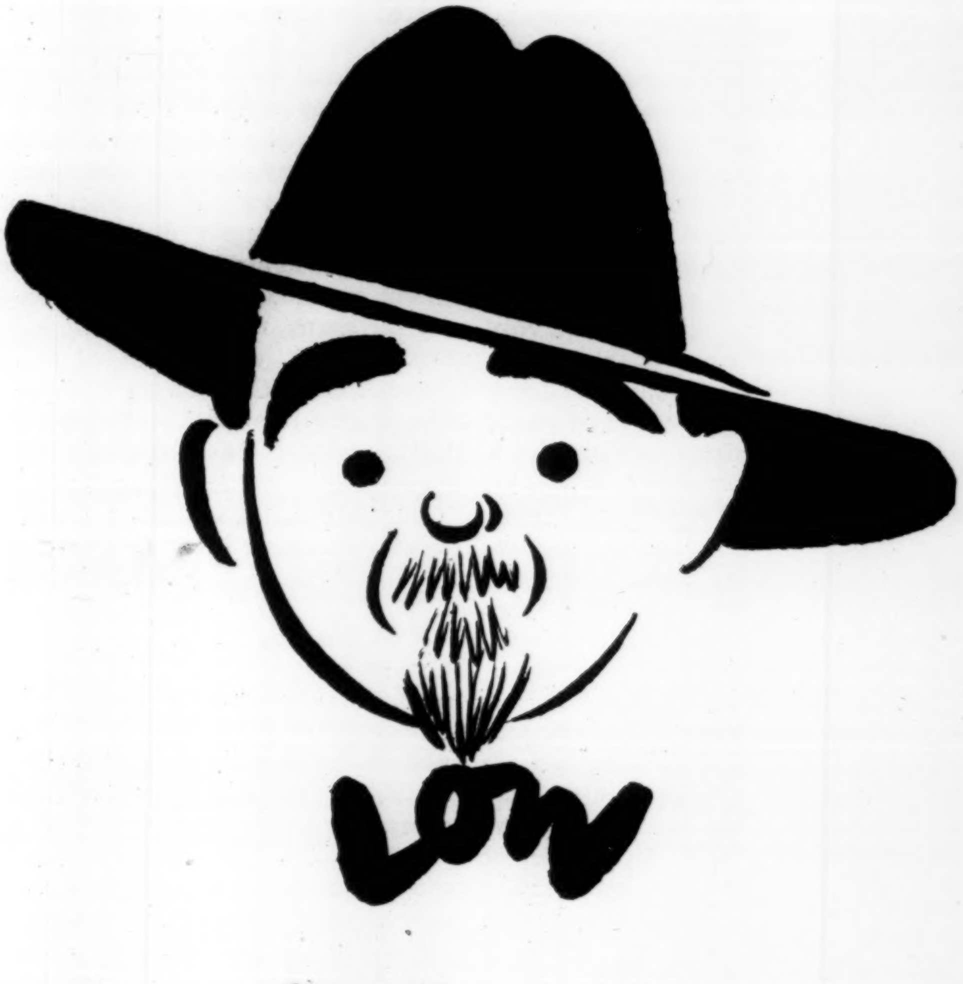
OCT 19 1933

THE NEW
STATESMAN
AND NATION

Incorporating *The Athenæum*

Vol. VI. No. 137 (New Series) **SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1933** [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] **SIXPENCE**

More Caricatures
by



Beginning October 21st – see back page

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

Vol. VI. No. 137 (New Series) **SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1933** [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] **SIXPENCE**

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . *Page*	402
FREEDOM OF THE MIND	404
FEAR AND FOREIGN POLICY. By Louis Fischer .	405
A LONDON DIARY	407
MORALS FOR CHILDREN. By Y. Y.	408
"LOYALTIES." By MacFlecknoe	409
PAVLOV AND HIS DOGS. By H. E. L. Mellersh .	409
CORRESPONDENCE . . . . From Raymond W. Postgate; Capt. George Pitt-Rivers; M. A. T.; Dr. Norman Leys; P. R.; E. M. Barraud; Robert Nichols.	410
KRAUSS AND HAUPTMANN. By Desmond MacCarthy	413
A FAMISHED OWL. By Morys Gascoyen . . .	414
PLAYS AND PICTURES . . . . . . *Page*	415
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . .	416
REVIEWS:	
New Novels. By Peter Quennell	417
Biography In Extremis. By Leonard Woolf .	418
The Racial Contract	418
After Strachey. By Austin Clarke . . .	419
Governor Eyre.	420
The Thomist God	422
SHORTER NOTICES	424
ABOUT MOTORING	426
PLAYTIME. By Caliban.	428
THE WEEK IN THE CITY	430

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 *Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. The postage on this issue is: Inland,* 1*d.; Foreign,* 1½*d.; Canada,* 1*d*

DOES the unanimous resolution at Hastings calling for united action, including a general strike, against war really mean anything? That it means unanimity in detesting war and that it implies a strong body of opinion determined to resist it even by a revolutionary refusal to support a government which embarks on war, there is no doubt; and those who urge with a cynical smile that similar resolutions were passed by the Second International before the last war ignore the effect which the actual experience of war and of the peace which followed it has had on the minds of millions of people everywhere. But some confusion there undoubtedly is. Mr. Noel Baker and Dr. Dalton, as loyal adherents of the League, pointed out that the resolution was a negative one: that we are all pledged to the building of a system of pooled security, and that our business is rather to see that war is prevented by the machinery of the League than to insist on isolated action regardless of circumstances. Mr. Henderson in a fine speech outlined his peace policy for Labour—the policy put forward in his pamphlet, *Labour's Foreign Policy*, and elaborated in the pamphlet we announced last week entitled the *Dying Peace*.

The League or Revolution

On this policy we imagine there would be no difference of opinion in the Labour Party had the rank and file confidence that the League was a reality. If they are sceptical it is because capitalist Governments, including our own, have refused to make it one. The meaning of the Hastings resolution may be best summarised by saying that, while the Labour Party as a whole supports Mr. Henderson's efforts to transform Geneva into a centre of security, it is prepared, if the League fails once again, to undertake a revolutionary strike rather than to support what would then be a nationalist war. The decision one way or another cannot be much longer deferred; the next months will see the final test of the League.

Party Issues at Hastings

Among internal issues the most interesting was the renewed rejection of the Executive's proposal to admit "associate members" to the party. The Executive wanted to admit as "associates" persons who, because of their public positions, could not or would not openly join the local Labour Parties. But the Conference was suspicious of such allies, and would have none of the scheme. Mr. Herbert Morrison, for the Executive, "told off" those party members who appear side by side with Communists in anti-war and other "united front" bodies; but it does not appear that the Executive will in fact be so unwise as to proscribe individuals on this score, though it will continue to blacklist suspect organisations. In another matter, the Executive fell foul of the Right rather than the Left, when it refused recognition to the new Association of Constituency Labour Parties, headed by Commander Kenworthy and Colonel Malone; and this body, which wants to make the individual members of the party more influential in comparison with the affiliated Trade Unions, had a rough passage at an unofficial meeting which it summoned before the opening of the Conference.

The Dictatorship Talk

The Hastings Conference was not an exciting one. Conservative newspapers which announced that there would be a first-class row over the Socialist League's constitutional proposals, were forced, when the question was for the time amicably shelved, to declare that Sir Stafford Cripps had "run away." In fact, he and his colleagues had every reason for satisfaction. By no possibility could they have persuaded the Conference there and then to accept a complicated resolution supporting the immediate abolition of the House of Lords and the assumption by a Labour Government of drastic emergency powers. For the executive to undertake a full examination of their proposals and to report next year was as much as or perhaps rather more than they expected. We may reasonably hope that during the next twelve months the "dictatorship talk" will die down and serious consideration be given to the urgent question of Parliamentary reform.

Dr. Dollfuss

The immediate results of the shooting of Dr. Dollfuss have been comparatively happy—a couple of flesh wounds and the enhanced popularity of the victim. We hope that nothing more sinister will follow. If the assassin is proved to be a Nazi (there seems some doubt about it as we write) his party may expect an even rougher house than they have had hitherto. But what of the Social Democrats? They, of course, are not implicated, though one Vienna newspaper was blackguardly enough to spread the lie that Dertil was a Socialist. But they are adversaries of the Fascist regime, and marked down for attack sooner or later. This incident, if the Starhemberg counsels prevail, may hasten the proscription of the Social Democratic Party and the taking over of Vienna by the Fascist Government. The Socialists' threat in answer to that is a general strike. That a general strike would be successful is very improbable; but if the Government force such a desperate measure, they will pretty certainly make a bad mess of the country. In any case, the outlook in Austria is gloomy. Dr. Dollfuss may appear as a "national saviour" to some of his countrymen and to men of his own kidney abroad. But he has already destroyed liberties, and intends to destroy more; he means mischief to a great mass of the workers, and his diplomacy may upset some European apple-carts.

Germany and Disarmament

"Disarmament conversations" have now become little more than a desperate search for the means of checking Germany's warlike preparations. Three difficulties still stand out—the French reluctance to make reductions which will satisfy the German demand for "equality"; Germany's claim to the possession of "types" (i.e., to be allowed a few specimens of any weapon which other States have); and the question of supervision and control. That Germany should have a few token guns and tanks and aeroplanes, though it looks like re-armament instead of disarmament, would not perhaps matter very much—on one condition. That condition, which is all-important, is that Germany's good faith could be relied on, or, at any rate, the strict observance of her obligations enforced by international control. Unfortunately, there is profound doubt on this head, and it will not be allayed by boasts such as we read in the Nazi newspapers, that "no control commission in the world will be able to find anything in Germany except what it is allowed to find." If that represents Hitler's mind, then there is no spoon long enough for supping with him. If it does not, he had better open a concentration camp for Nazi journalists.

Nazis and Jews

In the "minorities" debate at Geneva on Tuesday one of the German delegates gave a typical exhibition of Nazi impudence. Herr von Keller complained bitterly of the sufferings of German minorities abroad. But what of the treatment of the Jewish minority in Germany itself? The answer to that, he says, is quite simple: the Jews in Germany are not a minority and do not regard themselves as such. Yet he knows very well that the 600,000 Jews in Germany have been marked out for special treatment, decried not merely as "non-Germans," but as enemies of Germany, and subjected to persistent insult, boycott, robbery and torture. Herr von Keller's statement that there was no ban on the Jewish religion in Germany was, no doubt, true, but in face of all the facts it sounded like a very bad joke. Mr. Ormsby-Gore pitched into the Nazis, and they had no support among the other delegates. But we fear the League in present circumstances has no effective means of protecting the Jews in Germany, though it can help those who escaped abroad. At the instance of the Dutch (and needless to say with the disapproval of the Germans) measures are in fact being taken for that purpose.

President Roosevelt's Position

In his speech to the American Legion this week Mr. Roosevelt threw no fresh light on his intentions, but contented himself with an appeal for general support for his policy. The most notable features of the speech were his defence of his action in the matter of the soldiers' bonus and his insistence on the need for a balanced budget. There was no hint of inflation; but there was also nothing to rule it out. The present position appears to be that employment has increased by from two to three millions since the bottom of the depression, but that there are still at least ten or eleven millions out of work, so that relief will be needed on a grand scale during the winter months. The expansion in the trades producing consumers' goods has not been reflected in any corresponding stimulus to the heavy industries, or in any revival in the capital market. Retail prices have risen fast, and the stimulus to buying which arose out of the expectation that they would rise seems to be losing its force. There is a danger of relapse in industries which hurried on production in anticipation of rising costs. Altogether the economic outlook is distinctly threatening unless action can be taken to "unfreeze" credits and to bring about a revival of investment. Much depends on the Administration's success in hurrying on its plans for large-scale public works; these would at once bring orders to the heavy industries, whose continued stagnation is the most dangerous feature of the present situation. Mere monetary inflation would be no remedy; as matters stand it would be more likely to raise prices than to revive demand.

Labour Policy in the U.S.A.

Meanwhile the American Federation of Labour, at its Conference in Washington this week, was able to report an increase of 1,300,000 members since the passing of the National Recovery Act. This brings the Federation up to 4,000,000 members, which is, of course, still only a very small fraction of the total number of wage-earners in the United States, but is not much below the peak membership reached as a result of the war. Even to-day not more than about 12 or 13 per cent. of the American workers belong to a Trade Union, either affiliated or unaffiliated to the A.F. of L. But undoubtedly the Recovery Act, which takes a long step towards forcing the employers to recognise Trade Unionism whether they like it or not, is giving a very powerful stimulus to organisation; and the Labour leaders, though they grumble at President Roosevelt for not insisting on collective bargaining more firmly than he has done in face of the recalcitrance of Big Business, and for not raising wages higher and reducing hours more than he has yet done in his codes, are undoubtedly far too grateful to him for his help not to rally to his side if his programme is seriously challenged. The numerous strikes which have broken out lately arise largely from refusals by employers in the big industries to grant recognition, or from alleged breaches of the new codes. The Labour policy is certainly not to strike against the codes, or for more than the codes give them, but to get the most out of the President's policy, and to use the strike weapon in the last resort as a means of enforcing its observance. Nor, though the strikes are numerous, do they involve more than a tiny fraction even of the small minority of organised workers.

De-Balkanising the Balkans

The conference of the Little Entente delegates at Sinaia last week was attended by King Carol of Rumania and King Alexander of Jugoslavia. Relations between their two kingdoms have latterly greatly improved, though at one time the Rumano-Jugoslav paling was the weakest in the Little Entente's ring-fence round Hungary. But the King of Jugoslavia is also going on tour in one of his cruisers. They are to visit King Boris and Queen Joanna of Bulgaria at a seaside resort on the Black Sea on their way towards Turkey, where they will be the guests of Kemal Pasha, and to Greece. This monarchical tour, though it looks like a simple holiday, may not be entirely unconnected with Italian fears of German penetration once more towards the Balkans. By the good offices of Italy, Greece and Turkey have been reconciled; and Bulgaria is firmly pro-Italian, even by other reasons than that of its link by the royal marriage to the throne of Italy. Signor Mussolini has been a staunch supporter of the principle that the Balkans should be run by and for the Balkan peoples, with Italy always ready to sue for them as "next friend." These monarchical meetings have suggested in some quarters that the Balkans are becoming consolidated under the aegis of Italy. The menace of Hitler certainly seems likely to improve relations between Italy and Jugoslavia and we shall watch with interest to see if the Jugoslav monarchs complete their round of visits to Italy's Balkan friends by calling on Albania on their way home.

Tshekedi—and After

Admiral Evans' second visit to Bechuanaland was a better performance than his first. This time his business was the reinstatement instead of the suspension of Tshekedi, and he did it cordially and without any fantastic display of marines and guns. But this happy ending to a deplorable incident has not settled everything. The black chief has made his submission to the white power, and is put back in his office. But that is merely a restoration of the *status quo*; it does not touch the really important issue. That issue, as was pointed out in these columns a fortnight ago, is the administration of the Protectorates. Our system of indirect rule through the native chiefs, sound though it be in principle, has shown glaring defects in practice. It needs thinking out afresh, adapting to the changes that have taken place, re-forming in respect both of our own and of the Chiefs' functions. We hope that Mr. Thomas, having settled the little problem of Tshekedi, will now address himself in earnest to the bigger problem that lies behind.

FREEDOM OF THE MIND

In reminding Tuesday's great meeting in the Albert Hall that his words would not be allowed to penetrate into Nazi Germany, Sir Austen Chamberlain called attention to the most dangerous of all the follies of Hitlerism. Not content with doing violence to the bodies of men, Hitler aims a double blow at their minds; while turning adrift to starvation or exile those who stand out from their fellows as scientists, as scholars, as independent thinkers, he simultaneously deprives the ordinary German citizen of his share in the stream of European thought, in particular keeping him from knowledge of the horror and contempt into which his Government is bringing Germany in the eyes of the whole civilised world. To-day, in the most highly schooled country in Europe, the public is made as dependent on a kept and censored press as if the war that Hitler threatens had already begun: by reading a foreign newspaper (if only to find out what is happening in his own country) the German citizen is running the risk of being denounced as a disaffected person; if he breaks the rule which forbids him to tune in his wireless to a foreign station he does so knowing that a neighbour or a servant may be an informer currying favour with the authorities by spying on his fellows. Meanwhile the persecution continues unchecked; the concentration camps are full; the scholar and the thinker, if they are of Jewish origin or independent mind, are deprived of all means of livelihood in their own country; they escape, if they are lucky enough, to seek such hospitality as neighbouring countries can afford them. To provide financial help and to give opportunities of continuing their work to these victims of persecution is surely a cause to appeal to all in whom compassion and generosity are not dried up, to all who think that civilisation is worth a ten-shilling note.

That this was the view of the huge crowd which gathered in the Albert Hall to greet Einstein could not be doubted. The meeting was quite unpolitical. Sir William Beveridge explained in an admirable summary of the situation just what work needed doing and what work in this country and through associated committees in other countries was being done for exiled scholars and professional men. Einstein himself argued without rhetoric, that intellectual life, and, indeed, any life worth living, was impossible without freedom. Lord Rutherford, the Bishop of Exeter, Commander Locker Lampson, Sir Austen Chamberlain, Sir James Jeans, Miss Royden and Lord Buckmaster, all from their several standpoints, pushed home the same argument and made the same appeal. In no speech was there an appeal to passion against the Nazis. Even that most ardent of patriots, Commander Locker Lampson, who has on occasion denounced Germans with as much fervour as he has Bolsheviks, conformed to the spirit of the meeting and based his speech not on an anti-Nazi appeal, but on a somewhat naive eulogy of freedom under the Union Jack. He advised the Jews "to learn English and not be afraid": he said that Jerusalem, under British protection, would become "the Oxford of the East and the Cambridge of the Orient"; he thanked God that we had "no tariff on intellect and virtue" and suggested that it needed a people as stupid as the British are reputed to be to have a proper appreciation of brains.

A great meeting of this kind was an encouraging send-off to the campaign which the Academic Assistance Committee, the International Students Service, the Society of Friends, and the Refugee Professionals' Committee have inaugurated. One would have expected approbation to be universal since every conceivably controversial issue was ostentatiously eliminated. No political attack on Hitler was permitted: the urgent question of what the world is to do about Nazi barbarism was not raised: there was not even a reference to the brutal destruction of the working-class movement in Germany. The meeting appealed to decent people of all classes and opinions to help to relieve suffering and to co-operate in finding opportunities of work (which would not in any case be allowed to diminish employment for English people) for innocent men who had been arbitrarily deprived of all means of livelihood. Yet this meeting was made the subject of ridicule by Beaverbrook newspapers and of vehement abuse by the Rothermere press. The *Evening News* distinguished itself by an article which is important only because it shows that there are in this country people in a position to influence opinion whose minds work as the minds of Nazis work, who are capable of any mean attempt to frustrate the appeal to reason and generosity. The article, headed " Stop This Fooling," declared that it was " immaterial what Professor Einstein may have to say. The lecture is a piece of alien agitation on British soil." " Bolshies " would attend; " intelligent and patriotic people " would stay away. (We should like to hear Commander Locker Lampson's comments on this description of himself.) Einstein, the pacifist, who had " championed the cause of Germany's enemies during the war," and associated himself with subversive organisations since the triumph of Hitler, should " be sent about his business " as an " alien agitator." How wonderful are the ways of newspaper proprietors! Are we dreaming or did the *Evening News* in company with all the Rothermere press denounce the whole German people as Huns, and demand that their country should be broken up, and even their race wiped out, because they did not do what they now denounce Einstein for doing—refuse to support the Kaiser's Government when it invaded Belgium and made war on the allied Governments? Has the *Evening News* forgotten who were " Germany's enemies during the war "?

We believe that we are not giving away any secret when we say that there was one other quarter in which the Albert Hall meeting was not viewed with enthusiasm. We do not suggest that the British Foreign Office is impregnated with the opinions of the *Evening News* or that official efforts to keep down all anti-Nazi agitation in this country are dictated by love of Hitler or lack of sympathy for the victims of German Fascism. But these efforts are being made and it was very noticeable that the *Times*, which has done as much as any paper to spread the facts about German Fascism, confined its obscurely placed report of the Albert Hall meeting to a quotation from Einstein's speech and saw fit totally to suppress the speeches of all the other speakers, not even making an exception in the case of Sir Austen Chamberlain. Now, official caution on the eve of the reopening of a Disarmament Conference which has to decide not only whether the world is to disarm or to rearm, but which also confronts us with the problem of checking the progress of a new aggressor State which is likely to prove even more dangerous than Japan, official caution at such a moment is understandable enough. But we believe that it is altogether a mistake to kowtow to Hitler, to allow ourselves to be bullied out of our right to say what we think about the iniquities of his Government. Hitler may be able to bamboozle the German population: we see no reason why he should be permitted to bamboozle the British public. There is, on the contrary, every reason of public policy as well as of humanity why the spontaneous desire to help German refugees should be encouraged, and why citizens of every class and description should express their detestation of the Nazi regime.

The chief hope of checking Hitler without war and of prevailing against the menace of the militant nationalism which his success stimulates in every country is the creation of an international opinion which is ready to help the persecuted and the oppressed whatever their race or political views, and which is sufficiently informed about the meaning of Fascism to recognise its first signs and fight it wherever it raises its ugly head. Hitler is not insensitive to expressions of foreign opinion, and the Albert Hall meeting, devoted as it was to an appeal to humanitarian sentiment, had the incidental advantage of showing that there are still in England people who think liberty important and know that civilisation disappears when the intellect is chained.

FEAR AND FOREIGN POLICY

EVERY intellectual and Communist in Europe has either used or heard the argument that the Soviet Government should have adopted a more hostile attitude to the Hitler regime. When all the world condemned the Nazi persecutions of Jews, the Soviet press printed the facts without comment. When thousands of German Communists were being arrested, tortured and killed, the Russian Communists refrained from any public protest, and normal relations between Berlin and the Kremlin continued undisturbed. Indeed, the Soviets allowed Hitler to renew the 1926 Berlin non-aggression treaty, a move that irritated many radicals and supplied the Trotskyists with welcome ammunition.

In August, the Nazis, true to their mediaeval atavism, executed four old and tried working-men Communists in Altona by beheading them with an axe. No Komsomols marched through the streets of Moscow or any other Soviet city. The Soviet press did not raise a single cry against the outrage. The *Izvestia* incautiously reprinted the protests of French bourgeois papers, but was silent itself, and its readers might well have asked: " Why do the capitalists remonstrate against the murder of Communists while we Communists hold our tongue? Why? "

I could give more instances of Soviet propriety and restraint in the face of uninterrupted Nazi provocation. Hitler and Hindenburg, the heads of the German Government, openly contributed to a public relief fund for German colonists who, allegedly, were starving on the Volga. They knew that the money would never be admitted into Russia. They knew that this was only a demonstration of hostility which the U.S.S.R. would resent. Yet they did it. Moscow, nevertheless, avoids any act or sign of sympathy with the victims of German Fascist terrorism. The Soviet Government, perhaps, must remain neutral and correct even though Chancellor Hitler, Nazi ministers and official Government newspapers attack the Soviet Union every day. But why cannot the Communist Party, the unofficial *Pravda* and numerous unofficial Russian organisations—Soviet authors, for instance—express their abhorrence of German cruelties? Why does not Maxim Gorki join Romain Rolland, Prof. Einstein and others in rousing world public opinion on the Reichstag trial issue? The reason is in no sense a guilty Soviet conscience. Of course, the Bolsheviks had their red terror. In the first place, however, the red terror was never personally vindictive and needlessly cruel as the Nazi terror has been. The red terror began about eight months after the revolution, when the Soviets were attacked by foreign and internal enemies who seriously threatened their existence. It was never directed against any race. It was not a sop to deluded followers who, if they did not get blood, might demand the fulfilment of promises. The Bolsheviks, moreover, have always objected to capitalist class justice though they admitted practising class justice themselves. Then how explain their passive relation to Nazi atrocities?

I have put the case to many Russians without receiving a satisfactory reply. They tell me that mere words and parades are meaningless, and that Hitler will only yield to real pressure of the kind that German Communists are now applying. But did not Russians demand the release of Mooney, Sacco and Vanzetti, the Scottsboro boys and Hungarian and Rumanian Communists? They tell me that if they cut their foreign political ties with Germany, Paris would feel that Russia has no alternative except a pro-French policy and would, accordingly, be ready to pay less for Soviet friendship. This is ridiculous. No Power's value is enhanced by swallowing insults and abuse.

* * *

Several Bolsheviks have said to me: "We are not ready." I have read into this reply a sentiment which I know has long determined Soviet foreign policy—the fear of war. This is the reason why Soviet public opinion which could easily have been mobilised against the Nazis was stifled, and why Communists who wanted to organise public protests were checked. It is superfluous to say that the Bolsheviks and most Soviet citizens are supremely pained and incensed by the German terror. Their silence is tactical. It reflects a feverish apprehension in the Kremlin lest Germany join Japan to fight the Soviet Union. One gets nowhere by submitting to Bolsheviks that Germany would have to overrun Poland in order to invade Russia, and that France would not allow a German military advance. Some Communists do not exclude the possibility of a German-Polish bloc against Russia. Vice-Chancellor von Papen, ex-Minister Hugenberg, and Alfred Rosenberg, Hitler's Baltic foreign-political mentor who already has an active anti-Bolshevik past, have all urged a partitioning of southern Russia, from which Poland and Germany could both obtain ample territorial compensation. Official Nazi organs frankly discuss the possibility of tearing away large regions from the main body of the Soviet Union. The Ukraine interested Germany before and during the world war, and the Hitler movement has made no effort to conceal its designs on that rich Soviet Republic.

Stalin undoubtedly would be less concerned with these Nazi ambitions were it not for the simultaneous threat in the Far East. And were it not for conditions at home. The Soviet transport system is badly run-down. It is the weakest link in the Russian economic chain, and its rapid re-organisation and reconstruction will probably require foreign assistance. More important was the food shortage in large sections of the country during last winter and spring. Altogether, apart from Moscow's constitutional and traditional disinclination to interrupt material progress by military activities, these domestic factors were a powerful argument for peace, for they would have undermined Russia's strength in case of war. To gain time, and at the risk of inviting foreign Communist and foreign radical displeasure, the Kremlin marked time, the Kremlin suppressed its natural reactions, and the Kremlin made concessions. (Moscow would have yielded on the question of the British engineers had not the arrogant behaviour of Sir Esmond Ovey, the British Ambassador, closed the door to a settlement without a trial.)

One of these concessions is the offer to sell the Chinese Eastern Railway. The decision, apparently, was sudden and based on a panicky fear of what the Japanese might do and what the Soviets could not do. The road, to be sure, lost its strategic significance for Russia when the Japanese occupied Northern Manchuria, and its military and economic value to the U.S.S.R. is further diminished by lines which Japan is hastily constructing in Manchuria in the direction of the Siberian frontier. The C.E.R., therefore, is not worth fighting for, and would do the Soviets little good in case of a fight. Nor could the Bolsheviks have considered China's sensibilities; Chiang Kai-shek has either already arrived at a general agreement with Tokio or is about to do so, and for the Russians to antagonise Japan in order to defend Chinese rights when the Chinese themselves are not ready to defend them would be quixotic. Despite these justifications of the sale of the C.E.R., however, the offer to sell was unnecessary and unwise because it implies official Soviet recognition of the Japanese annexation of Manchuria, which is the well-known revolver pointed at the temple of Siberia.

* * *

To-day, despite unfavourable weather (thanks, therefore, to Bolshevik methods) the Soviet Union has an excellent crop. This has already had a noticeable effect on the spirit of the population, and may soon influence foreign policy as well. The German Government is transferring Dr. von Dirksen from its Moscow embassy to Tokio and replacing him with Nadolny. Moscow has been Nadolny's goal for many years, and his championship of good Soviet-German relations was the reason why Hitler appointed him to the Russian capital. But I believe the move will fail. The Soviet Government's pacts with France and Poland, and Litvinov's aggression-defining conventions were the careful, well-planned Soviet preparation for paying Germany back in her own coin. In fact, if not formally, Hitler has abandoned the Rapallo tradition of friendship with Russia, and now that Soviet internal economic conditions have radically improved, Moscow may be expected to play a firm card against the Wilhelmstrasse.

The obvious fact that the same psychology actuated Moscow's weak policy towards Japan as well as Germany indicates that it was fear of war at an inopportune moment rather than indifference which explains Russia's attitude to Nazi events. For in the Manchurian situation only Russia's national interests were involved, and not the Kremlin's views on world revolution. Yet in the Far East, Moscow took the same peace-at-any-price stand as in Germany. A single phenomenon may, of course, be induced by two different stimuli, but in this case the burden of evidence seems to favour the conclusion that the cause was one and the same.

This having been said, I must not omit to add that Moscow's relation to world revolutionary and world counter-revolutionary developments has undergone a change. Moscow's most revolutionary mood of recent years found expression in Borodin's activities in China in 1925-26 and in Russian support of the British mining and general strikes in 1926. Yet at that stage, Soviet domestic economic policies were almost reactionary: in 1925 the rich kulak peasants received new privileges from the State. By 1930 the Five Year Plan and collectivisation were under way. The Bolsheviks' energies were absorbed at home, and I then, writing in "The Soviets in World Affairs," suggested the formula: "More revolutionary policy at home marches hand in hand with greater indifference to developments abroad." In Marxist terminology this would read: "If you intensify the class war at home by industrialisation and collectivisation, you must be all the more zealous in avoiding complications abroad." The worst after-effects of the class-warfare of the Five Year Plan era were evident in the first part of 1933. That was the semester of Nazi barbarity, and the period in which Moscow offered to sell the Chinese Eastern. Moscow's hands were tied. The worst after-effects are now gone. A marked improvement has set in. The industrial and military potency of the U.S.S.R. grows every day as the result of expanded production in scores of new giant plants. The Soviets have a fine army of unmatched morale and an airfleet of great efficiency in Eastern Siberia.

Time is a factor playing into the hands of the Bolsheviks, and every passing week brings the Red forces new and more modern mechanical equipment. The Soviet Union's foreign position has also been inordinately strengthened by the reapproachement with France and Poland. Herriot's trip was not without significance for Germany. Berlin and Tokio may soon feel the difference.

The difference, however, may disappoint some zealots. For the Soviet government will continue its present policy of scrupulously refraining from participation in foreign Communist activities. Only the political illiterate will fail to understand that a revolutionary State cannot behave like a revolutionary party striving for power. It may be the business of foreign Communists, for instance, to organise a strike in a factory, say, in Germany or Czechoslovakia, but if that factory is filling a Soviet order for machinery which Magnitogorsk needs for its completion, the tactics of the Communists will be to postpone the strike. Longshoremen in Denmark, Spain and other countries are refusing to unload Nazi steamers. But if a Nazi steamer brings electric turbines to Leningrad, it is the duty of the Leningrad proletariat to discharge them. By boycotting the Hakenkreuz ship they would damage the Soviet state, while the Danish and Spanish workers only hurt their capitalist bosses (and Germany, of course). Soviet Russia's economic relations with Germany helps the Nazis. But those relations are maintained because they help the Bolsheviks. This ought to be clear to anyone who knows his political ABC. Soviet orders help capitalists to solve their problems. But those orders are given so that Russia may solve her problems. The Kremlin's first concern is the strength and progress of the revolution. This task may demand compromises. But to conclude that the Bolsheviks have become counter-revolutionaries is the height of folly. The biggest contribution the Russian Communists can make to the cause of world revolution is the success of Soviet economy.

LOUIS FISCHER

A LONDON DIARY

WATCHING the preliminaries of the Labour Party's annual conference is a most instructive experience. The important people stay in excellent hotels—a practice defended by members of the Executive on grounds of convenience for organisation purposes, and criticised on grounds of expense by many of the rank and file. Its general effect is to cast an upholstered air of extreme bourgeois comfort over the whole proceedings. The people who are most likely to quarrel with the Executive are usually gathered nearby in small less pretentious inns. There they discuss the treatment of their amendments and consider ways of circumventing the steam-rolling process by which the Standing Orders Committee attempts to accomplish the maximum amount of business, cutting out for this purpose the questions which it is least desirous of having discussed on the floor of the Conference.

* * *

Someone ought to write a realistic account of the process of democracy, as demonstrated in the Labour Party. What happens when Miss Smith, an enthusiastic member of the Little Pudlington Local Labour Party, persuades her branch to accept, shall we say, a very definitely worded anti-war resolution? The first step is to collect the sum of money—about £4—necessary for circulating the resolution to all party branches. A whist drive and a rummage sale probably come in here. Then the resolution, supported by a number of other branches, duly appears in print on the preliminary agenda of the Party Conference. The next stage is the arrival of a typewritten document syncopating Miss Smith's resolution with a number of others and possibly doing so in such a way as to make it obviously absurd—which is one method of seeing that it is quickly defeated—or, more likely, leaving out the operative words which, in the opinion of the Executive, make it an unwise motion to bring forward. Finally, armed with a delegate's ticket, Miss Smith arrives in Hastings and spends a hectic week-end in what are sometimes known as "butchery committees," being cajoled or steam-rollered, or possibly, if supported in powerful quarters, succeeding in getting her resolution put as she originally intended. It is a very democratic process which does ensure that any group with enough determination can at least express its point of view either by getting its resolution put in a form not too remotely related to its intention, or, at worst, by "moving the reference back." The outstanding feature of last year's Conference was the success of the floor against the Executive. The process of preliminary compromise has been more successful this year, and though some newspapers have done their best to make the Conference sound like a bear-garden, it has really been rather a quiet affair, with most of the differences amicably settled beforehand.

* * *

The "divergences on policy" which have led to the sudden resignation of Mr. Tom Clarke from the editorship of the *News-Chronicle* have been apparent to observant readers of the paper for some time. Broadly the issue amounts to this. An editor trained in the Northcliffe tradition must by nature seek the maximum news-values in every column, while a directorate which wants not only a big circulation but also to retain the reputation of its paper as an organ of certain political and economic views will insist on the regular and serious treatment of these topics in some at least of its columns. Therefore, to take only the most obvious case in point, the left-hand column on the front page has been reserved ever since the crisis of 1931 for daily notes explaining some current economic or political problem. Simply and excellently written, this column is read by thousands of people who want to understand the world they live in. But it may be argued that an even larger number of people would pay to read a column of gossip on a discussion of the same serious topics treated in the stunt way—treated, for instance, as the *Daily Express* is now treating philosophy. The next development will be extremely interesting to watch. The new managing editor, Mr. Aylmer Vallence, who will be best known to the public as a writer of the Notes of the Day to which I have referred, has the difficult job before him of trying to keep and increase circulation, while also keeping up and enhancing the serious side of the paper.

* * *

Escapes from prison are comparatively rare in England and always make good news stories when they occur. The escape of Gibbins is of especial interest, because Chelmsford, from which he got away, is the latest "model" prison. It was opened early in 1932 as a reform prison for the "violent and adventurous" type of young recidivist—men between twenty-one and twenty-eight who have begun criminal careers. A number of short-sentence men were at first sent to fill up, but these are being eliminated, and the authorities intend to reserve it for men serving sentences of penal servitude. The first twelve months were eventful: according to my informant, who should know what he is talking about, there was at least one savage attack on a warder, and a threatened mutiny was anticipated by the Governor, Major Philipps. As a way of showing discontent, the prisoners then took to drumming thunderously and simultaneously on their cell-doors. By Christmas the authorities had again reason to fear that the men were ready to mutiny. Through their cell windows they shouted jokes which turned to threats; extra warders were hurried round to reinforce the inadequate staff. Dietary punishment became the rule; the prisoners were confined to cells and the strictest discipline has been enforced ever since. The "silent system" has been reinstituted, new strong cells built, and a system of grade privileges inaugurated whereby a prisoner can earn by exemplary behaviour the privilege of an hour's reading of newspapers and listening to wireless concerts once a week as a reward for specially good conduct.

If there is further trouble to come the fault is not due to the privileges, but to discontent which has grown rather than diminished under strait-jacket discipline. It is the old problem of attempting to combine "reform" with punishment. In the absence of any really thought-out way of dealing individually with the prisoners the reform idea fails to produce quick results and is soon abandoned for the urgent job of suppressing disaffection.

* * *

One of the results of dictatorship is that criticism, down underground, crystallises into comic stories which imply without exactly saying just what one feels about the powers that be. Stories of this kind were a great feature of Tsarist Russia, and the habit of ridiculing the bureaucracy in anecdotes survives in Moscow to-day. A similar development is very noticeable now in Germany. The nonsense about having a complete Aryan ancestry gives particular scope. People meet and offer to swop one Aryan for two Jewish grandparents, and so forth. But I like best the story, now going the rounds, of a man who was found by the police at night in a cemetery with a candle and a jug of water. He explained that he had come to christen his grandmother.

* * *

One day Archimedes dived into the swimming baths, with his mind still full of the problem of the gold. He noticed that the water overflowed by just as much as he sank in, and an idea came to him. He dashed outside, crying "Eureka! Eureka!" which means "I have found it." He had suddenly realised that a bar of gold would push out more water than a silver one of the same size, because it was denser, and that that principle would solve the problem of the crown!—*Daily Mail* Children's Supplement.

* * *

One of the duties of the Railway Queen is to spread the ideal of peace. To-night she will witness the firework spectacle of *The Massacre of Cawnpore.*—*Manchester Evening News.*

* * *

Theology is the one science in which there can be no progression, should the world last one million years. You may talk in one century about the fire and brimstone of hell and the next say that there are not such things; but the discussion does not affect the fact of hell itself; it does not affect theology.—Letter to *News-Chronicle.*

* * *

Australian Breakfast Eggs straight from the nest to your breakfast table.—Advert. in *Daily Herald.*

* * *

A sense of disillusionment in the efficacy of the League as a certain factor in the preservation of peace also pervaded the speech of Mr. Wellington Koo (China). The events in Manchuria were evidently the prime cause of this disillusionment.—*Times.*

* * *

It is astonishing to see the extent to which the foreigner is allowed to eat the bread of our own children. By "our own children" I do not merely mean the nation. I mean also the Conservative Party, for I have been a life-long Conservative.—Mr. William Barkley in *Sunday Express.*

CRITIC

MORALS FOR CHILDREN

EVERY one who has read *Uncle Remus* will remember—why "will," I wonder?—the story of the race between Brer Rabbit and Brer Tarrypin, the tortoise. For the sake of those who have not read it, however, it may be as well to give an outline of the story in a few sentences. Brer Rabbit and Brer Tarrypin began arguing one day as to "w'ich wuz de swif'es'" and Brer Rabbit expressed his readiness to bet a fifty-dollar bill that he could leave Brer Tarrypin so far behind in a race "dat he could sow barley ez he went 'long en hit 'ud be ripe nuff fer ter cut by de time Brer Tarrypin pass dat way." A five mile race was arranged, it being agreed that Brer Rabbit would run to the winning post along the road while Brer Tarrypin would race through the woods. Now Brer Tarrypin had a wife and three children, each of them indistinguishable in appearance from himself, and his plan was that one of the family should start the race with Brer Rabbit and another should be in the neighbourhood of each mile-post along the way impersonating Brer Tarrypin and playing his part in the race, while the head of the Tarrypin family was to conceal himself in the woods near the winning-post and, just before the arrival of Brer Rabbit, to scramble out and crawl behind the mile-post and claim the victory. In the result, when Brer Rabbit reached the winning-post, flushed with triumph, and demanded the money, Brer Tarrypin "raise up fum behime de pos' en sez, sezee: 'Ef you'll gimme time fer ter ketch my breff, gents en ladies, one en all, I speck I'll finger dat money myse'f." And, contrary to all the principles of justice, he was given the purse.

It is not, it must be admitted, an elevating story. No clergyman, delivering a children's sermon, would advise his young hearers to take Brer Tarrypin for a model. Even the people who write books about success in life carefully refrain from holding up Brer Tarrypin as an example of how to succeed in a competitive world. At the same time, I confess—though this may stamp me as a man of loose notions about conduct—I have never felt, as I read the story, an irresistible wave of moral indignation rising in my breast. Worse still, I have felt greatly pleased that Brer Tarrypin won the race. Worst of all, I have put the story into the hands of innocent children.

It has been left to a member of the Canterbury Education Board in New Zealand to reveal the true hideousness of the Brer Tarrypin narrative. It appears that in a recent number of the *School Journal*, published under the auspices of the Board, a version of the story appeared. By chance, Mr. Wild, a member of the Board, read it; and it is putting the thing mildly to say that he was horrified. He took the unclean print with him to the next meeting of the Board, announced that he had an important matter to bring before his fellow-members, and read extracts from the story to a hushed audience. "That's ringing in!" cried his hearers—whether appreciatively or censoriously, we are not told—when he came to the great scene at the winning-post. And Mr. Wild, driving home the moral, cried: "That is the sort of thing we are giving our children when they are at their most receptive age. One leader of the Jesuits said: 'Give me a child until he is seven years old and you can do what you like with him afterwards.' This is what we are doing to our children—teaching them to work swindles." He charged the *School Journal* with inculcating criminal morals by publishing the account of such a swindle, and moved a resolution: "That the Minister of Education be requested to take the necessary steps to ensure that the *School Journal* does not inculcate criminal morals." At first, Mr. Wild could find no one to second his motion, but at length, "to promote discussion," Mr. Spencer seconded it. "This," he declared, "is a question of winning money by false pretences and misrepresentation. We ought to make a stand against it." Another member innocently inquired: "Is it usual in all races to do this? I am referring," he added, "to recent races on the beach," Mr. Spencer having recently raced Mr. Walter on the sands at New Brighton. "Oh, no," Mr. Spencer assured him. It is reassuring to know that in New Zealand the Tarrypin taint has not yet reached the adult population.

Mr. Wild's resolution was defeated by a large majority, but I, at least, am glad that he moved it. I am as glad of Mr. Wild's existence in real life as of Brer Tarrypin's existence in fiction. Apart from this, his motion raises some interesting questions of the effect of literature on life. If we say that *Uncle Remus* has no effect on its readers but that of entertaining them, and if we go further than this and say that the effect of books on conduct has been greatly exaggerated, it seems to me that we shall be belittling literature as well as being false to the facts of history. It is clear that the Bible alone has influenced millions of lives, and it is probable that everything we read, even library fiction, has some kind of influence on us, however unconscious of it we may be. If, on the other hand, we emphasise the influence of literature on the lives of men and women, are we not admitting a case for Mr. Wild and a censorship of books that our prejudices look on as pernicious? I confess that, if I object to a censorship, it is on practical rather than theoretical grounds. I have never been able to see why an author any more than any other citizen should have an absolute right to self-expression. If his self-expression seems to be dangerous to a Church or a State I can see that, from the point of view of the Church or of the State, it is perfectly logical to wish to censor his work. In such a case, I should object to the censorship, not on the ground that the author had an absolute right to say what he liked, but because I do not trust either a State or a Church as a censor of literature. Censorship, on the whole, works badly. In the past, it has fought for the suppression of scientific truth as well as of negligible novels, of political opinions as well as of plays with a purpose. The appetite of censorship grows till the censor becomes censorious even of a harmless fairy-tale. The censorious mind suspects poison in the most innocent places.

Puritanism had many good points, but its great weakness was its excessive belief in suppression. Plays, novels, games, dancing, cards, and even drinking in a public house came at one time or another under censorious frowns, and many Puritans lived as though a wilderness from which all the common pleasures had been uprooted were the most favourable soil for virtue. This, of course, was never true of all Puritans, but undoubtedly thousands of them looked suspiciously at every pleasure in the fear that it might contain poison for the children whose souls they longed to save. There was nothing essentially ignoble in this fear, but it was based—or most of us think so nowadays—on a misunderstanding of human nature. They did not realise that a normal healthy human being can survive a considerable amount of poison—that it is no use forbidding a child to breathe because the air is not so pure as it would be in an ideal world. It is better to have a body that can resist germs than to spend one's life avoiding germs at all costs.

Apart from this, books are only one of the influences of life, as we may judge from the effect even of reading the Bible on the children of Puritans. The Puritan child, being brought up in a code of honesty, does not turn to roguery as a result of reading the story of Jacob's outwitting Esau. The story of Solomon does not turn him in later life into a polygamist. And, if the heroes of serious literature fail to lead him astray, how much less likely are the heroes of comic literature to do so! It is taking too austere a view of life to wish to banish all the rogues and rascals out of literature. It is they and the fools who provide the best comedy, and the moral sense is none the worse for being in abeyance now and then in such company. Even the good man, however, might learn something from Brer Tarrypin. What an example of intelligence! What a model of family unity! And, after all, if he cheated, he only cheated over a bet, and betting, according to the strictest moralists, is itself a form of cheating.

Even Uncle Remus makes the story a moral tale, inculcating not criminality but caution, by the way in which he ends it. "But, Uncle Remus," cries the little boy at the end of the story, "it was cheating." "Co'se, honey," replies Uncle Remus, "de beastesses 'gun ter cheat, en den fokes tuck it up, en hit keep on spreadin'. Hit mighty ketchin', en yo' mine yo' eye, honey, dat somebody don't cheat you, fo' yo' ha'r git grey ez de ole nigger's." What wisdom could be profounder? We need not tremble for the Canterbury lambs after all.

Y. Y.

AUTUMN BOOKS NUMBER

Next week's issue of the *New Statesman and Nation* will contain an Autumn Books Supplement, with a selected list of forthcoming books. Among special features will be reviews of *Browning's Letters* by Desmond MacCarthy, Churchill's *Marlborough* by Kenneth Bell, J. A. Spender's *Fifty Years* by Leonard Woolf. Other contributors will include J. A. Hobson, J. L. Hammond, Richard Church, Herbert Farjeon, Peter Quennell, H. E. Bates, Herbert Palmer, Arthur Machen.

"LOYALTIES"

It is reported that unrest in the Japanese Navy has been allayed by new regulations, giving the Naval Staff increased freedom from Cabinet control in matters such as armament limitation.

I've failed, at times, to understand
Why patriots of the fierier brand
  Who count free speech as treason,
Who flaunt their loyalty and prate
Of their devotion to the State
  Both in and out of season,

So often, in their country's cause,
Regard its rulers and its laws
  With enmity unswerving,
And clad in shirts of brown or black
March on, embattled, to attack
  The State they boast of serving.

Hence to the Rising Sun I turn
(Since loyalty we best may learn
  From proud and warlike nations),
Well pleased at length to find a line
On how true patriots define
  Their social obligations.

Though loyalty to States be due,
With them, it seems, *l'état c'est nous*,
  No matter who gainsays them;
And patriot necks are only bent
Beneath the yoke of Government
  While Government obeys them.

MACFLECKNOE

PAVLOV AND HIS DOGS

SHAW'S black girl ran away (in her search for God) from the roaring of Micah the Prophet, to come upon "a very short-sighted elderly man in spectacles who was sitting on a gnarled log."

And this gentleman speaks to her thus:

> In running away you were acting on a conditioned reflex. It is quite simple. Having lived among lions you have from your childhood associated the sound of a roar with deadly danger. Hence your precipitate flight when that superstitious old jackass brayed at you. This remarkable discovery cost me twenty-five years of devoted research, during which I cut out the brains of innumerable dogs, and observed their spittle by making holes in their cheeks for them to salivate through instead of through their tongues. The whole scientific world is prostrate at my feet in admiration of this colossal achievement and gratitude for the light it has shed on the great problem of human conduct.

Whereat the black girl remarks that she could have told the old man as much in twenty-five seconds without hurting any dogs, and proceeds to have the laugh of him by pointing out that he is sitting on a crocodile and not a log.

Now this is all very good fooling—especially when the scientist in his fright climbs an impossible tree, finds he cannot get down until he is given another fright, and wonders whether tree-climbing could be taught to dogs. But as a picture of Pavlov it is not so good—not half so good in point of fact as Mr. Farleigh's accompanying engraving of a kind, square-bearded old man. Pavlov has been the cause, too, of an attack by H. G. Wells on Shaw, which was one of the bitterest things that that worshipper of the scientific spirit ever wrote. The Russian, in fact, has proved in this country so far a subject for satire and controversy much more than a fount of knowledge—which is a great pity.

Ivan Petrovitch Pavlov, son of a village priest, life-long scientist and Nobel Prize-winner, was born so long ago as 1849; he has lived and worked in one city, which has been called in turn St. Petersburg, Petrograd and Leningrad, and has not worried in the least when or why it has changed its name. His fundamental principle is that no reliable information can be obtained from animals unless their responses are totally undisturbed by pain or discomfort—which makes him such a mistaken target for the anti-vivisectionists.

Pavlov's aim is to understand the working of the human brain. And he has worked on dogs for this purpose for the reasons that they are sufficiently far from man in the evolutionary scale to have brains so simple that guiding principles can be discovered from them, and sufficiently near to have brains essentially comparable. (Another reason is presumably that dogs are tractable and friendly animals: in his early days the "victims" lived when off work with his wife and children.) And Pavlov's basic method is as follows:

A dog is taken when he is hungry and placed, with soft loops to keep him there, upon a stand in a room from which all extraneous stimuli—any distraction of sight, sound or smell—are shut out. Then food is given him. But the food is preceded by some particular sign—the ticking of a metronome, a flash of light, a touch upon a certain part of the body, the twang of a tuning fork. And in time the dog will learn that this sign "means" food. His tail will wag and his mouth water, not when food appears but when the sign is made.

That is a simple "conditioned reflex": the dog has responded not to the excitation itself but to a second stimulus which he connects now automatically with the first: a path has been made in his brain.

Now this is admittedly only stating in psychological language something simple enough for any girl, black or otherwise, to be able to propound. But it is, of course, not the end of the story; it is merely the most elementary beginning. The next process was to *decondition* a conditioned reflex. The learnt sign for food is given but the food withheld. And the dog soon unlearns his original lesson: the brain track is destroyed. This active destroying is called by Pavlov *inhibition*. And there are many other forms of inhibition. The dogs can learn to discriminate: a flash of light with a noise means food, but a flash alone does not; a round disc and an oval disc are differentiated; the time between signal and food is lengthened out, and the dog does not show expectation of food until it is nearly due. All these are active processes in the dog's brain: he does not *allow* himself to react in the simple, easy and obvious way.

And then something further was discovered—unexpectedly. An extraneous stimulus that does by mistake creep into the room acts as a powerful disinhibitor; the difficult discriminating lesson learnt is lost in a moment, the power of concentration gone. An equally potent destroyer of these inhibitions, these difficult controls and concentrations of the brain, is any pain or feeling of discomfort on the part of the dog.

Then another and even more unexpected discovery was made. This active inhibiting on the part of the dog first bored him and then even sent him to sleep. Towards the end of a "delayed action" experiment, for example, the sign immediately set one animal off snoring. And, further than this, another occasional result was definite hypnosis—the cataleptic state.

And it is from this last and from elaboration therefrom that Pavlov has learnt most. He says there are two things happening in our brain, reaction to stimuli and the control that tells us not to react in certain circumstances. The first is Excitation and the second Inhibition. And there is a continual balancing and adjustment between them; our brain is an ever-shifting patchwork of the two influences, a dappled light and shade. Sometimes the dark patches spread—inhibition has won the upper hand. And then the result is boredom, hypnosis or even sleep. In fact, Pavlov makes this rather startling generalisation. Sleep is an active force, and not a passive condition: it is *generalised* inhibition. And, conversely, inhibition is localised sleep.

And so we begin to get a new conception of the brain—an accurate and measured conception. Many more revealing things Pavlov has discovered. The dogs show different temperaments. Some can more easily inhibit, others more easily form a conditioned reflex. And Pavlov from this is feeling towards a modern and more accurate analysis of types of mind that yet strangely enough connects with the old Hippocratic division of humanity into sanguine and phlegmatic, choleric and melancholic.

And all this from making dogs' mouths water. It is so easy—and so childish—to make fun and make little of Pavlov's achievements because of that. This new science of his is as yet but thirty or so years old. And yet already the possible practical applications are immense and varied. We may come to a better understanding of neuroses and hysteria. The psychic enthusiast may yet have to learn what strange tricks the brain can play upon itself. Safe artificial aids to mental concentration may be found. The harm of noise may come to be truly understood, the terrible effects of solitary confinement realised. Schoolmasters may be persuaded to shorten their hours and be forced to acknowledge that inattention on the part of their pupils may not be criminal but pathological; barrackers may yet have it brought home to them that their churlish noise is hardly less unsporting than would be the sticking of a pin into the player at the psychological moment. . . .

Very little is known of Pavlov and his dogs in this country. There are only two books by him published; and one is very difficult, and even the cheaper is priced too high for anything but a rather limited circulation.* Shaw is younger than Pavlov, and may yet be able to will himself to rival if not Methuselah at least the centenarians. Will he perhaps suffer a change of heart, and (making a truly magnificent gesture of reparation) turn from satirising to propounding and popularising the message of Pavlov as he has the message of Samuel Butler?

It is perhaps not likely. But it would be a very happy state of affairs to arrive.

H. E. L. MELLERSH

Correspondence

AN IRON TONIC FOR LABOUR

SIR,—THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION in an article last week suggested that the weakness of the Labour Party to-day was less a question of programme than of personnel. There is a general disbelief in the ability and intention of all politicians to take their own programmes seriously. The disease of inertia which has killed the German democratic parties, as ten years before it killed the Italian, is now taken by many people to be an "occupational disease" of Parliamentarism. Everybody announces in general terms the need for a "determined will" and "resolute action"; but nobody, except perhaps Sir Oswald Mosley, directs their thoughts to methods of securing such a resolute will—unless mouthing platitudes be a method.

Yet a quite brief examination of the history of political organisations shows that, in certain conditions and by means of a certain form of organisation, a resolute political direction can be secured. Socialist and revolutionary political parties, in modern times, have fallen sharply into two categories. The better known bodies, like the German S.D.P. or the British Labour Party, have concentrated on becoming mass organisations. They have counted their membership in millions, and have become political elephants. But just as they have expanded, so they have become more irresolute and incapable of making drastic social change. Their size has made them unwieldy and their methods of election have made it almost certain that they would be directed by elderly, cautious and moderate men.

In contrast with these bodies of great size and enfeebled will, these dinosaurs, have been a number of smaller bodies liberally endowed with political daring. The Bolsheviks, the storm sections of the Nazis, the I.W.W.s. and others have possessed to the highest degree the resolution which Labour Parties lack. But they have all been small, picked bodies; they have been, in the Marxist phrase, "separated from the masses." They have succeeded only when some political accident has thrown the masses temporarily their way, and they have used their victory to make certain that the masses had no chance to slip away again.

---

* *Conditioned Reflexes*, translated and edited by G. V. Anrep, Oxford University Press, 28*s*., and *Lectures on Conditioned Reflexes*, translated by W. H. Gantt and G. Volborth (with a personal account of Pavlov), Martin Lawrence, 18*s*.

To secure a directed energy like this for the use of a democratic body like the Labour movement it is necessary to create *within* the Labour movement an organisation which will have the chief characteristics of these bodies and be able to provide a driving force when one is needed. Otherwise it is only too likely the next Labour Government will go the way of the first two.

I suggest that what we need is an organisation which will be firmly and coherently directed from a centre, and will have a direct and assured call upon its members. I suggest that its members should be definitely and explicitly called upon for a specified amount of time—say, one evening a week—and should perhaps also be obligated to attend meetings for consultation and discussion with each other. The Executive which should direct them should be democratically elected and possess the confidence of the members; it should give a considerable amount of its time to policy, and it should be assured of its power to call on members as confidently as if they were (for the time that they have promised to give) salaried servants.

No considerable work towards a political end is possible without this assurance and the habit of common work. We are not serious now in the sense that the Bolsheviks were serious in 1917. We ought to become so. Until we do, we cannot rely upon each other to pursue the same policy, to study the same problems, or even to be there to be called upon at need. Mutual confidence only comes out of work to a common end. Work to a common end can only be secured at the beginning by making certain formal demands. I, A.B., will sacrifice my time and comfort to the revolution if others will go with me; but it is a rare "I" who will do this without assurance that others are doing the same.

No very considerable hope of securing enthusiasm and a working membership for Socialism is likely to be found outside this. I suggest again that the time has gone by when we can hope to bring together a body of really serious workers by saying, "Please join us: the subscription is only a penny a week; and you won't really be asked to do anything but vote once in five years." One of the reasons for the decline of the German S.D.P. was precisely that—that it offered little more work than occasionally attending orderly meetings, reading the right papers and voting straight. One cause—S.D.P. errors in policy were of course another—why the Communists and Nazis from either side ate away its strength was because they put all their converts on to work—silly work, maybe, but work all the same, which kept their enthusiasm alive. The correct attitude (to speak in extremes) is not: "Please join us," so much as: "If you are fit to work for the cause we may let you join us."

Before going on to discuss what work could be done and what call such a body can have on enthusiasm I had better meet a political objection. These proposals, it will be said, are drawn from Communist examples. I agree; indeed, I would say that the Communist example—modified by the experiences of the Plebs League, the Guilds League, and the pre-war I.L.P.—is one that we should study very carefully. My own experience of the Communist Party has not left me with the belief that my work for it was an episode of pure folly that gave me nothing but regrets. It has left me with an impression that the Party had discovered methods which enabled it to call up a truly surprising concentration of energy, and then wasted that energy on fatuous ends. If we remember the Trades Union Congresses and Labour Party Conferences of 1921 to 1925, and the history of the local bodies at the same time, we must be amazed at the turmoil the C.P. caused and the concentration of interest on its proposals, impracticable though they often were. It had in fact no more than 5,000 real members—often indeed more like 3,500—but you would have thought it had at least 150,000. An organisation of its nature is able to make itself the source of a truly amazing drive of power. It misused that power, and shattered its hopes, from three main causes. The first was that its "slogans" were almost always foolishly chosen and often couched in what appeared to be terms of personal attack. The second, that by a system of breaking faith, and secret "nucleus" work, the C.P. set itself in hostility to the rest of the politically conscious workers' movement. The third, that it had parliamentary and municipal ambitions that sooner or later brought it into direct conflict with the local and national Labour parties. All these errors can easily be, and should be, avoided.

If such an organisation seems, in theory, to be desirable, it is by no means impossible to provide its members with work. Members who join should be asked to state their occupation and what work they themselves feel that they could best do. Too often they expect to be used, and do not realise that one of their duties is to take stock of their own abilities and suggest what they can do. Nevertheless they should also be prepared to do what is suggested to them, as need arises, even if it be not their usual work. If they can neither suggest work nor accept work offered to them they rule themselves out as useless. Not useless for every purpose—they may vote, for example—but useless to this body. (It may be that prudence would suggest an "associate membership" for those who can only pay donations.)

Yet, if we may agree that such a body is desirable and could collect tremendous power, we must also realise that the devotion it calls for will not be, to-day, offered merely to the Labour Party programme and to Transport House organisation. It will be necessary for this body, I suspect, to possess a programme which, though it must be within the four walls of the Labour Party programme, must contain a greater promise of genuine intention than that document. The proposals of the Socialist League, which the Hastings Conference has just evaded, are an example of what I mean.

Proposals such as these were put before the Council of the Socialist League some little while ago, by the writer and others. They were accompanied by a suggested programme of political demands somewhat in advance of the printed programme of the Labour Party but nowhere actually departing from it, as it was felt that the decline of public confidence was such that it was not possible to gain sufficient enthusiasm for a support of the pure and simple Labour Party programme. The proposals were rejected. Nevertheless, in the belief that they are probably necessary and with the knowledge that a certain amount of approval of them has already been secured, they are put forward here again for general consideration.

RAYMOND W. POSTGATE

AGAINST TITHES: MR. MIDDLETON REFUTED

SIR,—Tithe is a complicated matter which involves political, economic, legal, agricultural and historical questions.

Mr. Middleton has, in one respect, an advantage over me. He is officially concerned only in one aspect of the problem—the easy collection of ecclesiastical tithes. He is therefore better able to give his views, unembarrassed by any great concern or any knowledge of agricultural economics.

In the matter of collection he is, however, very much concerned with Tithe Law and legislation. In this department, more knowledge should be an advantage to him. He cannot deny that while he relies on legislation which we claim is oppressive and unconstitutional, and which sooner or later must be repealed, his collectors in innumerable distraints have violated the very laws they have tried to put into operation. What meaning is there, therefore, in saying "the question of legal procedure is still unsettled"? Does he mean that when the law suits him, and ruins agriculturists, it is inviolate and cannot be changed, but when it does not suit him "it is still unsettled"?

Mr. Middleton need really not have forgotten his defence so completely as to ask: "What on earth has the question of Common Law to do with the question of tithe?" For the answer is "Everything!" Any jurist could inform Mr. Middleton that fundamental laws embodied and recognised in Common Law are superior to all precedents and Acts of Parliament. Hampden resisted ship money on the ground that it was illegal by Common Law, the *Jus Civile Anglorum*. Although the justices of the courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas and the barons of the Exchequer gave judgment against Hampden, yet that judgment led ultimately to the Act, 16 Car. I. c. 14, declaring the tax unlawful, because the writs and proceedings were utterly against the law of the land: the supreme law *is* the Common Law. It was held that the judgment given against Hampden was against the laws and statutes of the realm, the right of property, the liberty of the subject, and former resolutions in Parliament.

Strictly, tithes have no sanction in Civil or Common Law, which before the Reformation had no jurisdiction over things spiritual. Tithes, then known as God's Portion, were the creation, exclusively, of Canon Law under Papal jurisdiction, and excommunication was a penalty for non-payment. Common Law operated only to limit the extension of Papal claims. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries tithes were levied on wages and on the profits on trade. It is no more constitutional to tithe land than to tithe trading profits or wages. In the reign of Edward III, the King was successfully petitioned against the Church's claim to receive tithe of quarried stone and slate.

After the Reformation, except during the Commonwealth when tithes were not collected, Civil Law again operated to limit the extension of claims to things that were titheable. Thus, in 1676 it was decided that bricks were not titheable.

Is that a reason for Mr. Middleton to suggest that tithes have nothing to do with the question of Common Law?

No amount of space would enable Mr. Middleton or anyone else to prove that the title to tithe was as good in Civil or Common Law as the title to the ownership of land, for the simple reason that tithes, being among things "spiritual," were vested only in the Church, and subject only to the jurisdiction of the Ecclesiastical Courts. Does Mr. Middleton then contend that the Church's title to her huge ecclesiastical estates is no better than her title to tithe "property"? That may be so.

But the distinction we make between property in agricultural land and "property" in the tithe taxes relates to-day to an even better moral and economic title than any deed or parchment. It is the ownership which fulfils a responsible function, with obligations and duties in the maintenance and cultivation of the land, on which the wages and the livelihood of the labourer depend, that we value and are fighting for, not the "vested interests" of sinecure speculators and of the owners of monopoly taxes. We may remember, too, that those "vested interests" in tithe were arbitrarily created by Parliament in 1836, as well as 44½ per cent. of their present value by the Tithe Act of 1925. After many references to the sacred origin of the Church's claim to tithe—I am careful to keep them pasted up to date in a book—Mr. Middleton, the Church's chief official tithe collector, now writes: "What is the object of dragging the Church into the tithe controversy? . . . Away with all such nonsense, and let us start with 1836, the date when Parliament abolished all tithes in kind . . ."!

I agree: why not? GEORGE PITT-RIVERS

P.S.—I am referring, of course, to constitutional jurists and scholars like Toulmin Smith and Horace Round, not to the legal draughtsmen hired by politicians.

ANNIE BESANT

SIR,—Because the great name of Theosophy is to-day more closely than ever associated with those "fantastic notions" alluded to by "Critic" in your issue of September 23rd, perhaps, as one who resigned from that Society because of the travesty of Theosophical teachings thus engendered, I may show that statements of his are *not*, as alleged, "needlessly inaccurate."

The Hon. Sec. Adyar T.S. in England in her letter as printed by you, September 30th, asks for proofs:

(*a*) That the T.S. split under Mrs. Besant's rule. She is referred to the Rudolf Steiner episode (*vide* Mr. Geoffrey West's *Life of Annie Besant*, p. 201), to say nothing of the thousands of withdrawals over the years as a result of the foundation of the Order of the Star in the East; the Alcyone case; the formation of the "Liberal Catholic Church"; the Martyn crisis, when a large portion of the Australian Section broke away; the outcome of the phantasy at Ommen Camp, 1925, and its repercussion over the years down to the dissolution of that Order of the Star by Mr. Krishnamurti—with the most recent sorry exhibition in December last at Adyar itself against the once "Expected Teacher" (*vide Star Bulletin*, July-Aug., 1933, pp. 145-7 and 150-4). As to the tragedy of the all-too-frequent and misguided (to put it mildly) use of the names of personages revered by all true Theosophical students, brought into ridicule as time falsified supposed "prophecies," it is not a subject for these pages.

(*b*) That Mrs. Besant lost the Central Hindu College, Benares. The Hon. Sec. Adyar T.S. in England is referred to the events leading up to the year 1913 with the resignation of Mr. G. S. Arundale, principal of the college, and teachers; and the action of the Board of Trustees (*vide* Mr. Geoffrey West's *Life of Annie Besant*, p. 213).

As to the use of the term "Messiah" by the press, the protests referred to surely came somewhat late in the day, as "the coming of the new Messiah" were words actually used in an address at Adyar itself by the late President's "other self" and printed by him in 1910 in that perversion of Theosophical teachings, *The Inner Life* (Vol 1, p. 231).

Furthermore, Madame H. P. Blavatsky, founder of the T.S., who gave Theosophy again to the Western World, made clear what the organisation she founded should never become (*vide Theosophist*, Aug., 1881, p. 562), and what she hoped her then eminent and loyal pupil would never again do (*Lucifer*, Aug. 15th, 1889, p. 448). Yet the late President foisted on members ignorant of the original programme the "fantastic notion" of the "Liberal Catholic Church" (with what happened in it) to be used by the "World Teacher" after his "Coming"; and we have had the spectacle of its "bishops," etc., alleged to be disciples of "the Lord" now supposed to be here (*vide Theosophist*, Nov., 1925, pp. 150-2), repudiating their "Teacher" a few years after.

Yet a further "fantastic notion" was the March, 1928, announcement of the apparently abortive coming of the World Mother.

As to the political angle brought out with such admiration, had the late President remained loyal to H. P. Blavatsky's original programme, she never could have played any part in Indian politics at all. An official communiqué issued by the then President and signed by Madame Blavatsky as well (June 27th, 1883) was sent to every lodge president in India and printed in the official organ of the Society (*cf. Theosophist*, July, 1883, Supplement, p. 14) which made clear "the natural and perpetual divorce between Theosophy and Politics." Every officer as such was prohibited from meddling with political questions in the slightest degree. Indeed, under the "Objects of the Society" (*Theosophist*, Supplement, June, 1881) Mrs. Besant herself could not even have "retain(ed) any fellowship" in the Society which she was supposed to be guiding.

We may well ask ourselves if Mrs. Annie Besant's departure from the programme of her Teacher, here unmistakably traced out and documented, was not perhaps the reason for the interesting phenomenon noted by your contributor: "In her second forty years her fame covered the earth but everything for which she toiled bore the mark of spectacular failure."

Writers' Club, M. A. T.
10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.2.

TSHEKEDI

SIR,—Many Africans regard "indirect rule" very differently from Capt. Mumford. To make permanent, in an African nation or tribe, the political and social framework of society as it existed, or is supposed to have existed, fifty or a hundred years ago, and at the same time to allow influences to be introduced that make people dissatisfied with the old way of life and sometimes make it impossible is, they say, both absurd and unjust. The chief of those influences are capitalist industry and that mass of related ideas that are called Western civilisation, though most of them did not originate in the West, and the most important of all, the Golden Rule, is Asiatic in origin. The real alternative is not whether or not those influences are to be allowed entrance, for we cannot keep them out. It is whether we are to continue to try to stifle their results in people's minds and behaviour, as we did in India before the war. In the hands of the kind of man commonly appointed to govern in Africa, who believes in "strong" government, indirect rule means fortifying native autocracies. In the modern world, despite temporary appearances to the contrary in Italy and Germany, ordinary men and women in time find autocracy, even when efficient, intolerable. Those who expect Africans to be content with it really regard them as sub-human. Unfortunately, their only way of proving that they are not, that they have minds and capacities like our own, is to be restive subjects of those native autocracies that our agents try to force them to obey.

Brailsford, near Derby. NORMAN LEYS

MR. W. J. TURNER AND THOMAS MANN

SIR,—Many of your readers no doubt felt with me on reading Mr. W. J. Turner's article in your issue of the 23rd ult., which with its magnificent close assuredly earns a place in any anthology of present-day polemics, that there would be no scheme in the cosmos if someone did not put on pedagogic spectacles, take up pen and paper and proceed to castigate poor Peter Pan. There *is* order in the cosmos and here is Mr. Cecil Winter.

When you get a pound of hot cakes from Mr. Turner you know that if they won't be found to weigh exactly one pound avoirdupois they will at least be hot, for he serves the "article" straight off the hot-grid of intuition. The said article is thus often notable for a rare enough sort of elemental wisdom for which mere ubiquitous scholarship is no substitute. So often one feels in reading him "*this* is what has wanted to be said so long," and when he finds the long-awaited *mot juste* (bunkumismus) for that maddeningly woolly and abstractionist manner of discoursing on the arts characteristic of the academic literary mandarin of all nations, we can surely be content to allow him that licence proper to the seasons in indulging in the candid expression of his immediate reactions. P. R.

West Holme Farm,
Wareham, Dorset.

SEXUAL ETHICS

SIR,—At a time when matters relating to sex are receiving more attention than ever before, yet the factual ignorance concerning it is so appalling, it may interest your readers to know that the Sexology Group of this Society has arranged for a series of ten lectures to be given by Mr. Norman Haire, Ch.M., M.B., under the title "The Elements of Sexology." These lectures are not propagandist—they aim simply at putting those who attend them in a position to conduct their sex lives without misery due to factual ignorance, and to form intelligent and informed opinions on sexual ethics and sociology. E. M. BARRAUD,

The Promethean Society, Secretary
31 St. Stephen's Road, W.2.

OXFORD'S BAN ON WILDE

SIR,—The refusal of the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford to allow a performance of *Salome*, while granting permission for *While Parents Sleep* in substitution, seems to me a very singular and contemptible decision. I hold no particular brief for Wilde as dramatist, but, apart from *The Importance of Being Ernest*, this is probably his best dramatic effort. It is interesting both in itself and because it is the single example of an effective attempt at Maeterlinckian drama extant in English. It has very distinct claims to be considered a work of art. *While Parents Sleep* has, unless I and many other artists are much mistaken, no such claims. But I take it that the Vice-Chancellor in all the rectitude of University-town morality and conscious of his responsibilities toward the great tradition of North Oxford culture is afraid the morals of the poor little undergraduates, while proof against the cheerful (if frisky) imbecilities of farce, are likely to be much endangered by that dangerous thing called a work of art. Myself, I was under the impression that Oxford was supposed to exist for, among other objects, the spread of education and knowledge of the interesting spiritual adventures, big and little, of man's soul. It is evident I am much mistaken. Oxford evidently exists to provide dry-nurses for British boys, who may be allowed to risk their skins exploring northern latitudes in the Vacation, but are not to be permitted the awful spiritual perils of *Salome* one night during Term. Has the Vice-Chancellor ever seen or even read this play I wonder? Such a decision seems to suggest he has not, and is simply acting out of sheer superstition. Is he afraid of the Dance of the Seven Veils? Let me assure him that the modern undergraduate, during the Vacation so frequently, and it would appear so recklessly, exposed to the handsome and athletic all-but-nudities of the bathing-beach and swimming pool, is not likely to bat an eyelid at the spectacle of Salome in brassiere, etc. But perhaps it isn't the Dance but the flowery language (cribbed, some of it, from the *Song of Solomon*) that suggests to this connoisseur that the phraseology of *While Parents Sleep* is more beautiful and—ah!—ever so much safer.

If these are not the reasons, what are? Perhaps the Vice-Chancellor, who apparently has not to provide reasons for anything he does to undergraduates, will provide Oxford men and more particularly the artists among them with his reasons (if any). Until an adequate reason is provided I fear I must attribute this decision to that peculiar brand of provincialism which has, alas, so long distinguished the University I love. For it is a sad fact that, while a deep and rare culture and a living spirit does exist among the dons of Oxford, those who acquire executive power seem of late years invariably to exhibit in the exercise of their functions (more especially in regard to works of art) an attitude of mind that is a nasty cross between that of the spinsterly nursemaid at her most nervous and of the public-school Y.M.C.A. "hearty" at his worst.

One must remember, too, that the undergraduates have no really effective way of letting the Vice-Chancellor know what they think of such provincialities. (Does any Vice-Chancellor ever imagine he is provincial?) Any real rumpus is likely to be followed by the rustication of any culprit so misguided as to suppose that Oxford exists to impart world-culture and not the "refainement" of Suburbia. ROBERT NICHOLS

17 Park Lane.

Miscellany

HERR KRAUSS AND HERR HAUPTMANN

THERE is no doubt that the storm of booing which greeted Herr Krauss on the first night of *Before Sunset* because he was a German, which he could not very well help, has made later audiences more demonstrative in his favour. On the second night we certainly did our very best to convey that we despised such manifestations of political passion. Herr Krauss is an actor of unusual emotional energy and an actor of most unusual delicacy. His part in Hauptmann's play made demands on both gifts, and his performance was remarkable. *Before Sunset* is the story of an old man's love for a young girl beneath him in station, which leads to bitter conflict with his family. The actor has to work towards a frantic finale in which, after slashing the portrait of his late wife, he dies in an apoplexy of indignation against his children who want him to be certified as insane. Perhaps that scene could not have been better acted; yet it left me unmoved. This was the dramatist's and not the actor's fault. The story had another door leading out of it beside that door of death, through which the dramatist forced his principal character; and if tragedy does not appear inevitable it has no longer hold upon the imagination. The closing tableau when the white-haired old man, after convulsions, lies there with the young girl stooping over him, while the other characters turn aside in those too familiar attitudes of bowed respectful resignation, failed to carry weight. It was the commonplace ending to the play; the ending foreseen—dreaded as the most conventional conclusion.

But Act II (the love scene) was very far from missing fire. No other actor could have traced more movingly than Herr Krauss the humility of an old man's unselfish adoration changing into amazement at discovering that he is—joy incredible!—loved for his own sake. The actor's task was not easy here. He had to combine dignity of character with a touching surrender to unexpected joy, and suggest humility at the very moment of triumph. The world only grins at the infatuation of seventy for seventeen, but I am not sure that seventy and seventeen do not mate better than twenty and fifty. At least, it is a symptom of the perfection of Herr

Krauss's acting that I was actually left wondering if after all such a love-affair might not be more likely

> To hold possession of the height
> Of nameless pathos and delight

than many more apparently suitable unions. Miss Peggy Ashcroft brought to her part the youthful directness and unexaggerated spontaneity which were required.

Gerhart Hauptmann is the most distinguished of living German dramatists, but his work belongs to a period which has passed. He was born in 1862, and he sprang from the common people of Silesia, whom in his social dramas, *The Weavers*, etc., he drew so well. At the end of the Franco-Prussian war a united Germany looked forward to conquests in the arts commensurate with her new political power. But she produced no work which handled life with fresh insight. On the contrary, it was the beaten nation which remained the leader in the arts. And it was from France that Hauptmann derived that impulse towards naturalism with which modern German drama began. His first play, *Before Dawn* (1889), was a grand immediate success. Later, with such plays as *The Sunken Bell*, he turned in the direction of fantasy and poetry, but even in verse he never forsook the method of naturalism. He was careful to avoid rhetoric in blank verse, and, in his historical plays, romantic exaggerations either in psychology or diction.

But different periods require different technique. One generation takes for granted what to another had to be explained. The slow preparation of the first act of *Before Sunset* would have delighted intelligent audiences thirty years ago; to-day it made the act tedious. The points Herr Hauptmann made beforehand could have been sprung on a modern audience, and they would have preferred this to be done. It was revealed to us through hazy hints to his old friend that this distinguished old gentleman was in love. We demand that a dramatist should postulate and begin. We did not need nice indications of the attitudes of his children towards him: the egotistic devotion, the selfish unselfishness, of his eldest daughter, Bettina (well played, by-the-by, by Miss Joyce Bland); the envious philistine aggressiveness of his son-in-law. Attention to-day is rapid; it prefers to see stage characters in action at once, and to pick up character indications as the story races along. The drawback to all preparation is that it enables you to guess what is going to happen before it does, and a modern audience loves surprise.

After the love scene in Act II the family luncheon (Act III), to which Herr Krauss had invited his bride-to-be was the best. By the order of his eldest son her place at table had been removed beforehand. The old man explodes; controls himself by an enormous effort, and the awful meal proceeds. Herr Krauss has an extraordinary knack of becoming crimson in the face at such moments, and of accompanying that congested appearance with strained, staccato gestures most expressive of intense emotion. But the suggestions of formidable power and adroitness in that character are belied by the story itself. It is the children who win; not perhaps by a means they would have chosen, though one after the heart of the son-in-law. Their mere willingness to prepare an action to certify him as a lunatic, produces the fatal apoplexy. Legally, it is hard to see how they could have won their case, and a resourceful, self-confident man like their father would have got them laughed out of court. The play would have been better if it had not ended in tragedy. The theme, the love which comes before sunset, asked for a gentler pathos: many things are more moving on the stage than death.

DESMOND MACCARTHY.

A FAMISHED OWL

It was a brilliant September afternoon, and Alf and I were feeling pleased with ourselves; I particularly, because it was within less than four hours of leaving Waterloo Station that I had, with his help, taken a brace of trout, weighing exactly two pounds and three ounces each, and looking like twins. I have always said that the difference between fishing with Alf and fishing without him was, if fish were to be had at all, not less than a brace of trout; for he knows where to look for good fish, he has eyes like a hawk to mark the most furtive rise and he won't let you waste your time over grayling, or over trout below the limit, which, hereabouts, is one pound and a half. We had made a good start, and now, the short afternoon rise having come to an end, Alf had suggested tea. It was half-past four and a further period of liveliness on the river might be expected to begin between six and seven o'clock. So we turned our backs on the broad stream, all a-dazzle in the afternoon September sun, and set off across the meadows for the hospitable cottage, where Alf's mother would give us tea, with most delectable apple jelly, and where we could sit at the feet of his father, who knows more about the entomology of a chalk-stream than any man I ever met.

As we trudged along exchanging anglers' talk, a white form floated across a meadow on our right front. "Surely," said Alf, "that is an owl?" And, "Certainly," said I, "it is." There, in the dazzling light of an exceptional September day, before five o'clock by man's new-made convention, before four by the sun that man had dared to flout, sailed, with the silent, effortless, undulating wing-beats of its kind, a white owl.

As we spoke, with upraised, vibrant pinions, it stooped to earth. Apparently it missed its mark, for it rose and stooped again. "He has it," I said; for the owl remained where it came to earth. "But what in the world is an owl doing, hunting in mid-afternoon and in brilliant sunshine?" Alf supplied, I think, the correct answer. "Last night," he said, "was terribly rough, with heavy rain, and the night before not much better; he is probably starving." And, when I voiced the common view that owls cannot see clearly by day, he suggested that they hunted as a rule by night, not because they saw better after sun-down, but because they found more to hunt for; which again may well be true. Our way led us beside a narrow but deep tributary of the main stream, along one bank of which ran a high irregular hedge. "If we carry on," said Alf, "we can watch him through the gap up there."

That is the best of Alf; he is not only a first-class water-bailiff and fisherman, but he is, by inclination, a field naturalist. Many is the time that we have paused together, forgetful or careless of rising trout, to watch some incident of riverside life. We understand one another, and he took it for granted that we should let tea wait while we watched this unexpected owl—for it is very seldon that one has a chance to see an owl both catch and eat its prey. At this stage we had only a distant view of the owl, which was also partly hidden by long meadow grasses: but, when, having advanced under cover of the hedge, we reached the gap, we were within about eighty yards of it and could watch its every motion, even without the glasses, which, unfortunately, I had left behind. So brilliant was the light that it completely absorbed the orange colour of the owl's upper parts, and the bird appeared to be as white as snow all over.

The owl rose and flapped silently to a rather higher piece of ground a little nearer to us, and we could see its kill dangling from its beak. It might have been a young water rat or a large field vole. Two or three times it changed its position, as if seeking more convenient ground, before it set seriously to work. We could distinguish every movement as, holding its prey firmly between its talons, it dismembered it. Each tug of the powerful beak was aided with a stroke of the wings, which rose and fell inversely to the movement of the head. "When I was a boy," I remarked, "I kept many brown owls and used to give them mice and young rats. They did not tear them like this: they swallowed them whole and sometimes sat for an hour at a time with the tails hanging out of their mouths, as if to enjoy their flavour." "I expect," said Alf, "that they were never as hungry as this one."

At this the owl threw up its head, and, no longer eating piece-meal, with short, sharp jerks of its head and neck, aided by rapid, well-timed beats of its wings, it swallowed what remained to eat. Then it came to rest, and for several minutes sat motionless, except that it lazily turned its head now and again as one ruminating on the comfort of the September sun and a full stomach. After a while it rose and sailed leisurely away towards the main stream, where it alighted on a post of the wire fence beside its bank. We reckoned that, from the successful stoop to the end of the brief period of quiet degustation, some twenty minutes had elapsed.

"We can ford the stream here," said Alf, "let us see if he has left any remains." We crossed over, and again Alf's keen eyes served me. There among the grass he espied all that was left of the victim—the stomach complete, and part of the large intestine. We opened the stomach and found it closely packed with the remains of a purely herbivorous diet, such as that of a water rat. We exchanged some words of vague pity for the harmless victim of Nature's ruthless law; then looked again towards the river, where, plain to view against a background of green trees, a spot of snowy white reflected the September sun.

MORYS GASCOYEN

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Women Kind"

Doggy the title of the new play at the Phœnix, and doggier still its development. Lawrence Brooke, the gay seducer of married ladies whose husbands misunderstand them, belongs in spirit to the Edwardian theatre, for all his quoting of T. S. Eliot (not, be it said, in justification, but in a moment of embarrassment). The charming little *diners à deux*, as doubtless he called them, the discreetly shaded lights in that cosy bachelor flat, even the knowing, sympathetic waiter, demanded hansom cabs rather than sports two-seaters, to carry the fair frailties to their undoing. Uneasily the authors seem to realise it. But all will be well if Lawrence can only be provided with a modern, if fantastic, motive. Wherefore, he must show his friend the case-book which he keeps, the scientific record of his philanderings. He makes love statistically. And then comes in Miss Elsa Frost, capping the Eliot quotation on his lips, not misunderstood, young, virginal and painfully direct. If you desire a moral, you may reflect on the life that Lawrence will lead as her husband after curtain fall. All this is comparatively easy farce, but dangerously difficult light comedy. Mr. Barry Jones's fatal mistake in not being Seymour Hicks is atoned for, up to a point, by his quiet insinuation, and something appealing and pathetic—"doggy" in the sweeter or Kipling sense—which makes his naughtiness charming. Miss Lily Cahill is a richly farcical victim, grotesquely vain and naive, but nothing to do with the play which, despite all her efforts, is rigidly kept to the comedy plane. Miss Kay Hammond's finished nonchalance as Elsa provides easily the brightest moments in a mixed evening.

A Pleasant Revival

The Westminster Theatre offers a really useful opportunity for a second judging of *The Man With a Load of Mischief*, Mr. Ashley Duke's beautifully written romantic play which London received with startled enthusiasm some years ago. Its obvious merits need hardly be questioned, and Mr. Ion Swinley and Miss Valerie Taylor are able to score magnificently in their scene together in the second act—perhaps the most satisfying and moving passage of love-making in the modern theatre. Yet one suspects an undecided conflict in the playwright's mind. Is it story or parable? Parable, says the nobleman, secure in his inhumanity, parable says his man, about whose past we are kept in such strange ignorance. Story, the lady insists, herself a living, tormented human spirit bravely clutching at the hope of reality, however fantastic, in a world of commonplace illusion. The decision is left with us, in the end, and we make it what we please; but neither choice offers complete satisfaction. Remembering the ice and steel of Mr. Cellier in the original production as the nobleman, one may find Mr. D. A. Clarke-Smith a little uninteresting. But is he not actually far nearer the Regency buck, coarser, noisier, uglier than the Chesterfieldian gallant of Mr. Cellier? Mr. Ion Swinley succeeds as the Man by being boldly enigmatic. Miss Valerie Taylor has a beautiful speaking voice, but neither in age nor personality can she suggest an opera idol, a prince's mistress, or the woman experienced enough to despise both positions.

Ballet at Sadler's Wells

The dancing at Sadler's Wells on Tuesday was patchy, but it included some good things. Ninette de Valois danced exquisitely in *Douanes*, which was conducted by the composer, Geoffrey Toye. The choreography of this ballet is clever and the *décor* (by Hedley Biggs) inspired. Would that the delightfully dressed gendarmes could do their amusing dances with precision: but we cannot expect Alhambra standards as yet. Markova and Idzikowsky rather surprisingly brought the house down in their *pas-de-deux*, *The Blue Bird*, although Markova's dancing, as sometimes happens with her daylight parts, suggested a vaudeville turn by an artiste whose nerves are on edge. Her dress of warring blues was badly made, the background was brutally discordant (when will English designers learn that quiet colours are not necessarily "safe"?), and Idzikowsky's fine dancing was spoilt by his bulbous dress and a ridiculous stage curl which satirised his smile. In *Le Lac des Cygnes* Markova's ancient magic prevailed, although she received no help from the prince (Stanley Judson), whose performance was extraordinarily wooden. The other swans looked refreshing but unswanlike with the exception of Aisne Phillips, who does this kind of thing well. The opening ballet, *The Lord of Burleigh*, was a feast of Sadler's Wells talent, with Aisne Phillips as Katie Willows and Ursula Moreton as a graceful Lady Clara Vere de Vere. Ursula Moreton has made strides since last year. Next Tuesday the Wells are giving *The Lord of Burleigh* again with *Fête Polonaise*, *Spectre de la Rose*, and the second performance of a new ballet, *The Foolish Virgins*.

A New Film Society

An attempt will be made at the Forum Cinema, Villiers Street, to establish a regular weekly programme of good films which would not be seen in the ordinary way. These performances will be public and will take place on Sunday evenings at 6 p.m., starting (it is hoped) on Sunday, October 15th. None of the programmes have been fixed, but such films as *Berlin*, *Jeanne d'Arc*, *Caligari*, *Crisis*, *Brumes d'Automne*, the majority of the Soviet films, and others less known to the public, will certainly be shown. Mr. B. Braun, 5 Joubert Studios, Jubilee Place, Chelsea, will be glad to receive any suggestions about the choice of these programmes. By means of group membership it is hoped that afternoon performances also will be arranged at which banned films—*Potemkin*, *Chien Andalou*, *Karamazov*—will be given.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, October 6th—
- Paris-Mediterranée, Academy Cinema.
- "Man and Superman," Tavistock Little Theatre, 36 Tavistock Place.
- "Nymph Errant," Adelphi Theatre.

SUNDAY, October 8th—
- Prof. F. Aveling on "Personalism: A Psychological Standpoint," Conway Hall, 11.
- "Trial in Camera," Royalty Theatre.
- "Singing Gold," Grafton Theatre.

MONDAY, October 9th—
- Meeting arranged by the Negro Welfare League and the New Indian Political Club to protest against the suspension of Chief Tshekedi, Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, 7.30.

TUESDAY, October 10th—
- Dr. Edward Glover on "War, Sadism and Pacifism," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- Ernest Milton on "Shakespeare and the Actor," Morley College, 8.
- "Ballerina," Gaiety Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, October 11th—
- Racing, The Cesarewitch, Newmarket.
- Kennel Club Show, Crystal Palace.
- Lord Rutherford on "The Transmutation of the Atom," B.B.C., 9.20.

THURSDAY, October 12th—
- Motor Show, Olympia.
- Sir Ernest Simon on "Provision of New Houses," Morley College, 8.

FRIDAY, October 13th—
- Meeting in connection with the re-opening of the Disarmament Conference. Speeches by Canon W. Thompson Elliott, Sir Norman Angell, and the Rev. F. Luke Wiseman, Queen's Hall, 8.
- Miss Anna Louise Strong on "The Present Position of Soviet Farming," London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, Keppel Street, W.C., 8.15.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

LOOKING at the curlews vanishing on strong wings over the moorland, there can have been few men so unimaginative as not to envy them their freedom. " If I too could go on and on, with no one behind me at my back . . . if I could vanish from sight over the uninhabited moors . . . if I could be transmogrified into bird or beast, then, for the first time, I could be myself." That is what men have always felt and they have invented magical stories of the white swans that were king's daughters, of donkeys eating rose leaves and fairy foxes studying learned books. Yet all the time there have been some human beings with the gift that is so commonly longed for. Poets and story-tellers are a race of werewolves—not the hideous bone-crunching werewolves about whom Mr. Montague Summers has just given us a very learned and intimidating volume (Kegan Paul, 15*s*.), but werewolves of the mind. By changing themselves into other shapes, they find new powers and lead new lives and often, like the poor she-bear Callisto, become immortal, fixed stars in the sky above.

* * *

" If I could be a little dog and run about on shaggy paws, sniffing inquiringly with my moist nose, how should I see life ? " Mrs. Woolf must have asked herself this question and the picture that imagination drew was as liberating as the flight of the curlew. " If I were you," she must have said, addressing a red cocker spaniel, " there would be no letters from editors, no forgetting to order this and being reminded to speak of that, no boots and shoes and pins and garters, and when old friends came to tea, I could beg shamelessly for buttered toast from one and snuffle a flea until it jumped on to the frock of another." The spaniel whined ; the long serrated liver-coloured lips sagged against the ivory teeth and a drop of moisture clung to a drooping whisker. " I shall write your life," said Mrs. Woolf, " and while I am doing so I shall enjoy your freedom." If this was the original impulse, it was soon modified. If she was to write about that dog, how should she speak of the people who came to the house and how describe its mistress ? But Mrs. Browning had a cocker spaniel, and a life of *Flush* (Hogarth Press, 7*s*. 6*d*.) would be enriched by the portrait of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning and of Miss Mitford, to whom he had belonged as a puppy. The book would be a biography with which she could tease an old friend, the most famous of biographers.

* * *

Whether it came in this way or not, no impulse could have been more fortunate. For by taking Flush as the subject of a biography Mrs. Woolf gave herself the freedom, and imposed on herself the restrictions which are required to bring out her finest work. Most important of all, it is something quite fresh. Mrs. Woolf is a very great writer, but she has often repeated herself, giving us variations of the same verbal beauty, of the same flow of thought, just as a thrush singing gives us the same notes over and over again. Like the bird's song, her writing has become a background of beauty in our lives. Sounds which always thrill us with delight and which are symbols and promises of beauty. In nature one does not complain of the monotony which makes the bird repeat its notes or the rose-bush bring forth nothing but yellow roses, but one is disappointed when one finds the same limitation in a poet. For this reason *Flush* is particularly delightful ; the flavour of the book is fresh. There are many passages of greater beauty in Mrs. Woolf's other books—the frozen Thames in *Orlando*, for example, but *Flush* is more perfectly proportioned than any of her books—as well-proportioned as its subject was himself. It amused Mrs. Woolf to write and it has brought out her delightful humour as nothing else has ever done. Here is Flush in Florence :

> He followed the swooning sweetness of incense into the violet intricacies of dark cathedrals ; and, sniffing, tried to lap the gold on the window-stained tomb. Nor was his sense of touch much less acute. He knew Florence in its marmoreal smoothness and in its gritty and cobbled roughness. Hoary folds of drapery, smooth fingers and feet of stone received the lick of his tongue, the quiver of his shivering snout. Upon the infinitely sensitive pads of his feet, he took the clear stamp of proud Latin inscriptions. In short, he knew Florence as no human being has ever known it ; as Ruskin never knew it or George Eliot either.

* * *

It is possible, of course, to read the book and passing lightly over such admirable realistic passages as that in which Robert Browning shaves Flush closely to rid him of his fleas, to cavil and carp at certain inaccuracies. Thus we are told that Flush as a puppy enjoyed " the licences natural to his youth." But puppies are unlicensed until six months old, and when, moreover, was the dog licence introduced ? The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* provides no information. Was it at the same time as the Dogs Act of 1865 ? It is more serious that she should speak of the Mitfords living in a working man's cottage, when an illustration of Flush's birthplace shows a substantial farmhouse. Mrs. Woolf is privileged to describe Flush's bewilderment in Miss Barrett's bedroom by saying : " To identify, distinguish, and call by their right names all the different articles he saw there was confusing enough "—some such anthropomorphism of expression is unavoidable—but is she within her rights in speaking of asphalt paths in Regent's Park in the summer of 1842 ? We think not. Thus it would be possible to pass severe strictures upon *Flush*. She shows herself a reckless disciple of Lytton Strachey, but his example should have reminded her that the art of historical biography needs a basis of cold fact. Can we rely on her as confidently as we rely on Strachey ? It is not a question here of such trifles as the number of General Gordon's brandies-and-sodas. Once one begins to doubt, whole chapters of the book become suspect. On some points Mrs. Woolf does reassure us in a dozen pages of valuable and wholly delightful notes. If she had only extended these—giving us the details which lead her to say that :

> There is evidence, that is to say, that the elder brother of Dr. Pusey was anxious to buy him. Deducing from the known character of Dr. Pusey the probable character of his brother, there must have been something seriously solid, promising well for future excellence whatever might be the levity of the present in Flush, even as a puppy.

A note here would have been invaluable even if it had been no more than the words *Private information* with which Lytton Strachey silenced all doubt for ever as to the ritual employed each evening in Prince Albert's dressing room for nearly forty years after his death.

* * *

Such a critic (the points raised above are not those to which I myself attach importance) would possibly be justified, but in his preoccupation he would be in danger of robbing himself of the power to appreciate Mrs. Woolf's art. To savour it fully needs literary senses almost as discriminating as *Flush's* nose and palate. *Flush* is far too delicate to be a parody, yet it is a teasing tribute to Lytton Strachey. Though Mrs. Woolf is always herself, at one moment she has understood what it is to be a dog and to run wildly at the call of a spotted spaniel and at another she has heard herself speak in the unforgettable accents of a friend whose sense of humour always appreciated hers. In the last lines of the book this duality is positively uncanny.

> She was growing old and so was Flush. She bent down over him for a moment. Her face with its wide mouth and its great eyes and its heavy curls was still oddly like his. Broken asunder, yet made in the same mould, each perhaps completed what was dormant in the other. But she was a woman ; he was a dog. Mrs. Browning went on reading. Then she looked at Flush again. But he did not look at her. An extraordinary change had come over him. " Flush ! " she cried. But he was silent. He had been alive ; he was now dead. That was all. The drawing room table, strangely enough, stood perfectly still.

* * *

The first animal to become an Eminent Victorian.

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

A Nest of Simple Folk. By SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

Shake Hands with the Devil. By REARDEN CONNER. *Dent.* 7s. 6d.

Sierra. By RALPH BATES. *Davies.* 7s. 6d.

Twice Shy. By D. M. LOW. *Chatto and Windus.* 7s. 6d.

The Golden Net. By SARAH BARLOW. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

Trumpeter, Sound! By D. L. MURRAY. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7s. 6d.

Starting with a violent and, it may be, quite unreasonable prejudice against novels about Ireland, novels that describe the triumphs and disasters of land-hungry peasants and novels that chart, from generation to generation, the growth and decadence of a large and ambitious family, I enjoyed Mr. Seán O'Faoláin's *A Nest of Simple Folk*, which is an amalgam of all three themes, more than any other English novel that has come my way for several months. It should not be necessary, in discussing Mr. O'Faoláin's book, to announce that here is the finest novel of rustic life since . . . the publication of one of those little-read masterpieces whose title trips so glibly and effectively off a reviewer's pen. Mr. O'Faoláin can stand on his own merits; he has written a story that one reader, at least, found, if not "impossible to put down," unusually easy to recur to. His style is by no means impeccable; that is to say, he is difficult to quote from, and individual passages, as one retraces one's steps, very often prove something of a disappointment. Still, they serve their purpose, are adequate to the subject in hand, and make a vivid and lasting impression on the reader's memory; which, no doubt, granted the decay of contemporary prose, is the best that can be hoped of a modern narrative.

The story's background is a desolate Irish plain:

> . . . A frozen canopy of cloud hung over the plain. Far away, beyond the Shannon, its shaggy edges drooped down in a smoke of rain over the land, and there only could one see any movement in the banked mass, although the wind whistled in the alders that grew out of the walls along the muddy roads. That thawing cloud would gradually sweep all across the coloured plain, depositing its vapour in the already sodden fields and the browned thatch of the cabins, until after a slow journey of fifty miles its pall blackened into a downpour on the Kerry mountains. Until then there was nothing tall enough to scrape even the lowest cloud, and no shelter for the traveller if it burst too soon.

In this setting, among the thatched and teeming hovels of tenant farmers, in the bleak, tumbledown, four-square Cromwellian barrack, built on a low eminence by the Anglo-Irish family of Foxe, existed the characters whose fortunes and misfortunes Mr. O'Faoláin has pursued from 1854 to the outbreak of "the troubles" in 1916. The youngest of the Foxe sisters had married "beneath her," into the squalid, smoky and soon over-populated cabin of Long John O'Donnell; and the story proper opens with O'Donnell's death and the ferocious, melodramatic, but brilliantly described, conflict waged over his expiring body by his wife and the son who is his rightful heir. To the last son, the Jacob of his mother—James, the elder son, is a clumsy Esau—goes the better part of Long John's landed possessions; he is educated by his aunts, the grime-encrusted but still aristocratic chatelaines of Foxehall, takes at their request the name of Leo Foxe-Donnell, inherits the big house, wastes his substance in wild living, turns Fenian, is imprisoned and, finally, as an old and crazy patriot, is swallowed up in the Easter Week rebellion.

Leo Foxe-Donnell is the pivot of the story; but there are many other characters, from Leo's mother and his pathetic sister, Mag, to the constable whom his niece eventually marries and who earns a sergeant's stripe by spying on the old Fenian. Each of them emerges in sharp relief. Mr. O'Faoláin has produced that very uncommon thing—a family of fictitious personages among whom the principle of life seems to have been distributed in equal shares. Yes, the Foxes and the O'Donnells are real enough; even at their oddest and most outlandish, we are closer to them in sympathy than to the *dramatis personae* of many novels whose scene is laid nearer home. As we have already learned from his first book, a remarkable volume of short stories, *Midsummer Night Madness*, Mr. O'Faoláin is an extremely sensitive writer. It is the combination of sensibility and rare intelligence—a quality easy to appreciate, though hard to describe—that gives his second book its unusual literary value.

Mr. O'Faoláin implies, but he does not exaggerate or exploit, the peculiar "distressfulness" of the Irish landscape, Irish politics and the memory-and ghost-ridden Irish temperament. *Shake Hands with the Devil*, subtitled "a novel of distracted Ireland," certainly lives up to its pretensions; it is a pamphlet—and, as such, a convincing piece of work—on the horror and ignominy of civil war. It only fails when Mr. Conner attempts to lend a certain air of literary cohesion to his alarming and well-reported chronicle of massacres, bombings and ambuscades by introducing a thread of conventional story. Lady Moira, emphatically, won't do. Apropos of her last ecstatic encounter with the young rebel, who betrays his comrades for her sake, one could wish that the charms and amorous possibilities of naked mixed bathing had not taken quite so firm a hold on the imagination of modern novelists; English story-tellers are seldom happy in the erotic vein. . . . Mr. Conner's prose loses distinction as it grows sensuous; but he writes capably, crudely and tersely of bloodshed and death.

Sierra might be compared to *A Nest of Simple Folk*. It is another exception to the rule that stories about peasant-life very seldom make civilised reading. Mr. O'Faoláin, however, is writing about his own people; whereas Mr. Ralph Bates, more ambitiously, takes his material from a land that is not his and a peasantry who—although we are told that he has lived and worked among them—are, nevertheless, human beings of a different stock. Yet he is by no means a mere patronising water-colourist; in the eleven stories that make up the present volume, he reproduces, with humour, charm and intelligence, various episodes of Catalonian village gossip; telling, for example, how two rival villages settled their claims to a disputed strip of mountain pasture, and how and why the village girl who had been the inmate of a brothel in Barcelona—the brothel itself is admirably described, but so, for that matter, is the bleak landscape of her native village—threw away her prostitute's ticket and returned home. Best of all—better, I think, than the more elaborate and carefully constructed story of the prostitute's homecoming—is *The Feud of Kill Donkey House*, a production of which no recognised exponent of the modern short story would need, in critical retrospect, to feel ashamed; it has just enough "point" to give it substance, and is sufficiently spontaneous to seem full of life.

With *Twice Shy* and *The Golden Net* we revisit the rather gloomy and hollow-sounding arena—upper-middle-class English society since the war—to which most novelists are obliged to confine their explorations. It is a depressing fact that as the possibilities of modern life grow more extensive, and as means of transport become safer, cheaper and speedier, so does uniformity absorb variety and the lure of strangeness tend to vanish from far horizons. Thus the comedy of travel replaces its poetry; Torre del Vecchio, the scene of Mr. D. M. Low's frivolous and not unamusing novel, though situated on the mainland, is one of those delightful and scandal-haunted little Italian resorts which have sprung up so plentifully in modern literature under the delicious but demoralising influence of Mr. Norman Douglas's *South Wind*. Not that the conception is wholly derivative; like Mr. Douglas, the author introduces a bluff middle-aged cynic, whose commentary lends flavour to the pursuits of a coterie of easily circumstanced, and more than adequately sexed, young men and young women who frolic on the sand around his chair; but the old gentleman is neither a wit nor a mine of learning. *Twice Shy* is a successful chocolate *soufflé*—light and palatable, but too flimsy for an entire meal.

The Golden Net, on the other hand, is of solid texture. It is a pity that solidity and solemnity are often confused, and that no single ironic gleam penetrates this conscientious but humourless account of how a woman, having reached the dangerous and dramatic age of thirty, falls in love with the doctor who attends the birth of her last child, undertakes a long, complicated and painful intrigue, achieves happiness, only to lose her grasp of it through estrangement and her lover's sudden death. Incidentally, Mrs. Barlow, though she is not the first woman novelist to provide a detailed description of what it feels like to give birth, makes an individual record in harrowing realism. One's sensations, while reading her second chapter, "For All Women Labouring of Child," can only be compared to those experienced when, during some quite innocent inspection of a medical dictionary—looking up *asthma*, say, for an essay on Proust—one comes face to face with a page of diagrams illustrating *accouchement*. The Goncourts, who attended a Caesarian operation and afterwards "wrote it up" in the famous journal, would have relished such meticulous exactitude.

Trumpeter, Sound! is pure romance. It is somewhat difficult to determine just how far this long, lively, brightly coloured book is intended as a *pastiche*—almost a parody—of mid-Victorian themes. For here are many of the stock figures of Victorian melodrama: Injured Innocence; the Wicked Earl, who courts Injured Innocence under an assumed name; his brother, the Unacknowledged Son, who goes to the wars as a trumpeter in the Wicked Earl's regiment; the Mysterious Foreign Nobleman, who twirls his moustaches, curses hoarsely, and presently turns out to be a Russian spy; the Crazy Old Father—a direct descendant of Pantaloon: the nefarious Baby-Farmer, all appear like the two-dimensional paste-board actors that can still be purchased somewhere in the back streets of Hoxton. The effect is that of a literary peep-show; there is a fine panorama of the great metropolis as seen from the open third-class trucks of an early railway train, and there are glimpses—not too lusciously archaeological—of characteristic urban scenes and personalities, the office of an old-fashioned city merchant and a gilded gambling-den, frequented by young "swells," off the then flashy and disreputable Haymarket . . . Mr. Murray, on the Crimean War, is at his best; the Mysterious Foreign Nobleman, most appropriately, pops up again as the "Unknown Mounted Officer" whose strange and disastrous intervention at the Battle of the Alma is recorded in histories of the campaign. An account of the valiant and desperate Charge of the Light Brigade, with Lord Cardigan calmly galloping at the head of his troop, should rank high in any collection of romantic battle-pictures.

PETER QUENNELL

BIOGRAPHY "IN EXTREMIS"

The Post Victorians. With an introduction by the VERY REVEREND W. R. INGE. *Nicholson and Watson.* 10s. 6d.

After reading this book one is forced to the reluctant conclusion that the art of biography is *in extremis* and on the point of death. It consists of forty biographies written by forty different people. The writers are nearly all distinguished people; the average length of their contributions is 13.7 pages. The title is misleading and a misnomer. If we are to label periods and persons with adjectives like "Victorian," "post-Victorian," "Edwardian," and "Georgian," there is no sense in calling Balfour, Joseph Chamberlain, or Curzon post-Victorian. And there seems to be no more sense in the omissions than in the inclusions. For instance, in Mr. Albert's *History of English Literature*, the first writer to be dealt with in Chapter XII, The Post-Victorian Age, is quite naturally Hardy and the second Conrad, for the division into "ages" is purely chronological, depending upon the date of death. But in the book under review, in which "post-Victorian" is also used in a purely chronological sense, Hardy is excluded and Conrad included. If Chamberlain was a post-Victorian statesman, then surely Hardy was a post-Victorian writer. In fact, in so far as there are such things as eras and ages, Balfour, Chamberlain, Curzon, Canon Barnett, Haldane, Hardy, Conrad, and Hudson—all of whom are included except Hardy—were essentially Victorian. But the book makes no attempt to justify or explain its title, to produce the thinnest thread of connection between its chapters. It is a mere rag-bag of short biographies. One can but repeat what Dean Inge says helplessly by way of introduction: "What on earth am I to make of this queer list of names?"

The writers of the biographies, not unnaturally, were also saying to themselves, as they settled down to their task, "What on earth am I to make of it?" Very few of them have indeed made anything of it at all, except an obituary notice of some deceased person who was still alive when Queen Victoria died. The obituary notices are of the kind which we are accustomed to read daily in the *Times*, and forty of them straight on end, one after another, are really too much of what in its place is a very good thing. Lord Birkenhead's wife is referred to as "the wise and gracious lady who was the companion of his working life, who shared every sorrow and anxiety (among many anxieties of her own), and enhanced every triumph." Of Arnold Bennett we are told that "his success in life was not merely that of a worldly and courageous adventurer, but that of a magnanimous, courteous, just, and high-principled man." In the biography of Sir Charles Parsons we are informed that "by his work Parsons earned honour after honour, received degrees from many universities, and medals from the highest scientific societies of his own country . . ." And so on and so on. But this is the language and method of obituary notices, not of biography—unless perhaps this book is to be treated as the obituary notice of biography.

It would be a waste of time to deal with the biographies in detail. They are completely disconnected, and the majority of them, through no fault of the writers, are jejune pieces of work. Some of them are competent and contain points of interest, *e.g.*, Mr. Lynd's Arnold Bennett, Mr. Walpole's John Galsworthy, Mr. Nevinson's Earl Haig, Mr. Maxton's Keir Hardie, Mr. Agate's Marie Lloyd, Mr. Dobree's Lytton Strachey, and Mr. Bott's James White. Only one of the forty writers rises above the difficulties and produces a real biography, some new vision and interpretation of a human being's life and work. Miss Rebecca West's biography of Mrs. Pankhurst stands out by itself and in a class by itself.

LEONARD WOOLF

THE RACIAL CONTRACT

Mein Kampf. By ADOLF HITLER. 24th Edition, 1933. *Verlag Franz Eher Nachfolger*. Munich.

The recent tension between Germany and Austria, and the revelations made in Vienna with regard to the German drive, have given a renewed interest to the opening chapters of *Mein Kampf*. The chapters on his life in Vienna go far to explain Hitler in general and the present crisis in particular. It was the cosmopolitan Hapsburg-Rothschild notion—badly worked out in federal detail it is only too true—which lashed this young Pan-German into his initial fury. The equitable Trialist desire to bring the Czechs into the Austro-Hungarian regime he furiously denounces as a conspiracy to be-Slav the State, and trample upon its German soul. (At a Nazi woman's meeting in a small provincial town in June the speaker denounced the murderer of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand as indubitably a Jew; possibly she had forgotten that her leader approves the historic justice of this crime, the murder by a Slav of the patron of the Slavs.) It is clear to any reader of Herr Hitler's work that it is for him a holy mission to rescue the Germans of the Ost Mark from their isolation, and to destroy the legitimists of the Heimwehr.

Both Herr Hitler's fundamental ends and his technical means were revealed to him in Vienna. It was essentially due to his dislike for the multi-racial nature of Vienna that he became a fanatical uni-racialist. He watched the pre-war Pan-Germans fail because they neglected popularity among the masses, were at daggers drawn with the Trade Unions, and allowed themselves to be side-tracked into parliamentary tactics; he concluded that a movement of this kind, if it is to succeed, must bear a Socialist complexion. He watched the Christian Socialists' movement, at that time under Lueger's leadership. He admired their Socialist drive, but deplored the fact that their anti-Semitism was only confessional; they failed as Nationalists, he decided, mistaking a racial for a religious distinction. Thus in Vienna, before the war, he was already a National Socialist, or more accurately a demagogue "raciste."

In this same period he developed his complementary and passionate hatred of the Jew. The German race (for it is obviously German, rather than Aryan, that he would wish to write) must be purified from the inroads of the parasitic Jew. The elaboration of this, which becomes his central theme, appears as the rationalisation of the physical nausea which swept over him when first, in Vienna, he encountered a Jew complete, caftan and curls. The first crime of Social Democracy, as of the Hapsburgs, was to allow itself to be used as an instrument of the Jews. For what purpose? We read, on the one hand, that the Jews, being inferior weaklings who cannot organise a State of their own, aim at dominating humanity in order to destroy its kultur "through the categorical renunciation of personality, and with this of the nation and its racial significance." On another page we learn that the idealism of the German, or Aryan, impels him constantly to sacrifice himself for the race, while the meaning of Jew is egoist. This last distinction, however artificial it may in fact be, is of profound importance in explaining the success of Hitler's appeal to young Germany. If he can succeed it will be due to the tremendous potency of this summer's favourite slogan "The General Welfare before Self-interest." Hitler's enormous debt to the Jews never, of course, occurs to him; he even abuses them for their tenacious racial will to live. For it is the tribal notions of the early Jews which he desires to inculcate. Nazi Germany is based upon the Jewish conceptions of a chosen race, Jehovah-like authority, and mosaic laws of racial hygiene. In technique of government his regime has much in common with that playground of the Jews, Soviet Russia. And what could be more Judaic than the last sentence of his second chapter: "In so far as I defend myself against the Jew, I fight for the work of the Lord"?

It is often claimed that it is unjust and malevolent to assert that Hitlerism revives the militarism of imperial Germany. Yet if Reichstag speeches and visits to Nazi Germany confuse the English mind, *Mein Kampf* can leave no doubt in the English reader. The Germans, we are told, have to thank the old army for everything; its highest service was to counter the Jewish-democratic majority notion by furthering a belief in personality. And having acclaimed that remorseless institution as Germany's most precious heritage, Hitler goes on to demand "First the fight and then perhaps pacifism." ("Erst Kampf und dann vielleicht Pazifismus.") Lest *Kampf* should here be interpreted as merely struggle, it should be observed that this phrase is prefaced by an assertion of the uselessness of the pacifist idea until the *höchststehende Mensch* has conquered the whole world. After all among the Aryans, the French are beniggered, the English be-Manchestered and the Slavs little better than Jews. The German mission becomes clear; it is stated that Germany is to mould humanity; a little further on we learn that the German Reich is not only to preserve and develop the most valuable racial characteristics of the Germans but also "slowly and surely to lead them on to a ruling position." With regard to the more immediate future, there is a whole chapter, called *Ostorientierung oder Ostpolitik*, showing that Germany must accommodate a growing population by expanding to the East, regardless of frontiers or Slavonic inhabitants. This doctrine accounts for Hitler's approval of Japan; the English press is only anti-Japanese, he writes, because the Jews fear Japan. Their fear is due to the fact that though they can masquerade as Aryans they could never masquerade as Japs.

It is a little confusing to find the Jews denounced not only for parliamentary institutions among the English and their imitators but also for the erection of a totally opposite system in Russia. The Jews, at any rate, are always to be blamed for emphasis on numbers, by which alone such weaklings as they can hope to live. The true democratic liberty of the German consists in helping to choose a leader, and in then obeying him. The State is defined as a means to an end; the end is the preservation and furthering of a common life for physically and spiritually similar beings.

Mein Kampf reveals Adolf Hitler as not only the Robespierre but also the Rousseau of the German Revolution. He combines the capacity of the former to mouth vast cosmic generalities unrelated to fact with the practical realism of the latter. If Hitler's view of the Aryans were correct, our debt to ancient Egypt would be wiped out. Some of his less ambitious statements, also, are strangely incorrect. North America's success is attributed to the purity of its Aryan blood; Frederick the Great, who refused to speak German and did so much to corrupt the German race with Slavonic blood, is repeatedly honoured as a demigod of the heroic German stock. Nevertheless, the rough sincerity and deliberate repetition of Hitler are not to be belittled. In Vienna he decided that in order to beat your enemies you must throw them all into the same category; in Munich and Berlin he perfected the use of the term "Marxist" as a method of destroying all those who stood in his way. And men will die as readily for Hitler's words as ever they did for those of Rousseau and Robespierre. In the Communist view, Hitler's is the last outburst of the bourgeois passion, to which the Frenchmen first gave expression; it is, at any rate, a naked demand that they that can shall take. One cannot help wondering whether, in the end, humanity will not feel more gratitude to the author of the *Contrat Social* and to the "cutthroats" of the Committee of Public Safety than to the first ministers of *Das Dritte Reich*. "Celui qui s'est montré l'ennemi de son pays n'y peut être propriétaire . . . Celui-là seul a des droits dans notre patrie qui a coopéré à l'affranchir." These words of St. Just have been spoken daily in Germany this year; the same is true of Couthon's "Le gouvernement révolutionnaire n'est autre chose que la justice favorable au peuple et terrible à ses ennemis." But Robespierre said: "Nous voulons un ordre de choses où toutes les passions basses et cruelles soient enchaînées, toutes les passions bienfaisantes et généreuses éveillées par les lois . . . où les distinctions ne naissent que de l'égalité même, où les citoyens soient soumis au magistrat, le magistrat au peuple et le peuple à la justice, où la patrie assure le bien-être de chaque individu et où chaque individu jouisse avec orgueil de la prospérité et de la gloire de sa patrie." Milder counsels, words perhaps more meaningful than any of these, prevail when the period of danger or of action is past; but has revolutionary Germany really as much to give the world as revolutionary France, with its lofty, if exaggerated, belief in reason and the individual? And have we not perhaps most to learn from the non-Aryan face of King Amenophis, who still reigns beneficently in the Egyptian museum of Hitler's capital?

AFTER STRACHEY

Victoria and Albert. Palace Plays. Third Series. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. *Cape.* 5*s.*

As Their Friends Saw Them. Biographical Conversations by BONAMY DOBRÉE. *Cape.* 5*s.*

Mr. Housman has now completed the round of his Palace Plays, and it is clear that the entire cycle belongs to a modern fairy tale world. But this fairy tale world is humorous, and much of the humour lies in the fact that Mr. Housman has concealed, with naughty intent, the divinity which surrounds crowned heads. In set scenes he traces the exemplary influence which the Prince Consort gradually gained over his Queen, but the results are far different from those caused by employment of the Strachey method. Coventry Patmore sat down to breakfast with an Angel. The secret of Mr. Housman's poetic realism is that his royal personages are cunningly disguised as minute human beings.

Multitudes experience exquisite thrills on discovering that royalty eats, sleeps and performs natural functions. This thrill is not to be despised, for we all feel it, whether we follow the doings of kings or of great writers. I remember still the joy which I felt when I first met George Moore and caught the great man in the simple act of eating a boiled egg at tea. The following glimpse of a nuptial morning suggests that Mr. Housman is yielding to popular sentiment, though the psycho-analyst might find dream-symbols in the fatuous words:

> THE QUEEN: You see, Albert, I have never seen a man shave himself before.
>
> ALBERT: No, I suppose not.
>
> THE QUEEN: How often do you have to do it? Once a week?
>
> ALBERT: Every day.
>
> THE QUEEN: Every day! But how absurd! It can't grow as fast as all that.
>
> ALBERT: Oh, yes, it does.
>
> THE QUEEN: How very troublesome! Why, I only cut my *nails* once a week.

This would quickly lead to "debunking" were it not that Mr. Housman is really following the older poetic method of folk imagination. Folk imagination delighted in presenting its kings and princesses in disguise, just as an earlier imagination brought

Ask for
"BP"
ETHYL
(Not just "Ethyl")
'BP' Petrol comes from BRITISH owned wells
It is made in BRITISH refineries
and is carried in BRITISH ships

the gods themselves to earth in humble human form. The fanciful quality in this cycle is, in part, sustained by the precise, artificial form. These diminutive dramas are true to scale, and every detail is in delicious proportion. Take, for instance, the little conversation about the Mahdi's head. Does not Kitchener become a good-natured ogre who chops off heads every morning?

> THE QUEEN: You cut off his head, you say? And what did you do with it?
>
> KITCHENER: Made it into an ink-pot, Ma'am.
>
> THE QUEEN (*judicially*): I don't quite like that, Lord Kitchener.
>
> KITCHENER: You would, Ma'am, if you saw it. It looks very handsome mounted in silver.
>
> THE QUEEN: I mean, I'm rather sorry you should put it to such a use: rather gruesome, and a little—unkind.

Consciously or not, Mr. Housman has sublimated the method of Strachey in the world of Puss-in-Boots and of Lewis Carroll.

The fact that modern biographical method is not quite satisfying is shown by the quick reaction. In *Variety of Ways* Mr. Bonamy Dobrée felt the need of creating living figures rather than satirical shadows. In his new volume of Augustan studies he has devised an ingenious variation of the Imaginary Conversation. He shows us politicians and men of letters as they appeared to their own friends. Obviously such a form, if pursued far enough, might develop into subtle and complex irony. But there is as yet no satiric implication in the title *As Their Friends Saw Them*. The form is highly artificial, but Mr. Dobrée is happily dealing with a period when conversation was still a social art. Hence we can enjoy the fine phrasing, as in this glimpse of Rochester:

> At the sea fight near Bergen he was the only one who would carry a message in the heat of the action, and his cockle-boat tossed among the fountains made by Dutch shot, as a leaf in the basins of the Mulberry Gardens.

—though we may suspect that when Mr. Dobrée makes Gay explain Congreve's retirement in the following fashion the subtlety of opinion is really his own:

> His plays seem, in all their most wonderful scenes, to breathe a wish for an existence so exquisite, for beings so lovely in their persons, so delicate in their minds, that in despair he gave over creating them as patterns for mankind to imitate.

Friendship is quickened by opposition; and one of the best of these dialogues is a conversation between Pope and Pulteney, the newly created Earl of Bath, on the subject of the Duchess of Marlborough. Here is a delightful interplay of wit, malice and good manners, brought to a fine point. We murmur with Pope when the political upstart has left: "Ah! So! The little wasp of Twickenham can sting yet."

AUSTIN CLARKE

GOVERNOR EYRE

The Myth of Governor Eyre. By LORD OLIVIER. *Hogarth Press.* 15s.

The Jamaican rebellion of 1865 has now been pretty well forgotten, but in its day it seemed like a major event. Twenty-two whites, or white supporters, were killed, and in revenge 586 blacks, mostly prisoners. Over a thousand houses were destroyed. The Governor, E. J. Eyre, claimed that by his promptness he had crushed a formidable insurrection of blacks, directed to the extermination of the whites. His opponents denied the existence of the insurrectionary plot, stated that the disorders had been caused by his own misgovernment, and that in its repression he had acted with horrible cruelty and gross injustice. An inquiry was held, at which the latter view was substantially endorsed; Eyre was removed and not re-employed; the Tory Secretary of State said in Parliament that his most noted act of repression (the hanging of G. W. Gordon) was "terrible and indefensible."

Here matters might have rested, had not Carlyle, in grave ignorance of the facts, taken up Eyre's case and presented him to the public as the ideal strong, silent hero. He even drafted a petition for Eyre's reinstatement, which Lord Olivier reprints. Parts of it suggest an incoherence more to be expected of a Nazi drug addict than a Victorian worthy:

> That the suppression of such an insurrectn. is an operatn. sudden . . . inexorably necessary to be done witht. Loss of one moment, that it puts to proof some of the very highest qualities that ever in a man . . . men . . . in all times and countries, have been considered meritorious and a thing to be actually . . . especially done . . . tho' even with faults; as to whh. greatst of faults, the object itself being of an urgency, an indispensability and of a sudden complicacy like no other, the just judge will never be the severe and captious one but the candid and considerate reflecting . . .

The investigation of the true character of a typical "strong man" is well worth making to-day, and in Lord Olivier's hands is often diverting as well as instructive.

He shows us that in fact the strong man provoked the trouble himself, by shielding and taking part in corruption and misgovernment. Eyre's faults were violence and stupidity, not venality, and he did not personally benefit by the illegal tramway contract which handed over thousands of pounds to a private contractor for a tramline which was never used or completed. He was also grossly ignorant of Jamaican conditions. He derived all his information from the planters, who were slowly being ruined by slave-competition. They told him that the blacks were lazy, thievish and greedy: of the Nonconformist community of well-established black peasant proprietors which was slowly ousting the great estates he knew nothing.

Further, he regarded criticism of himself and the demand for his recall as sedition, and punished it accordingly. When Paul Bogle and some other Morant Bay negroes broke out with bloody and organised rioting he became frantic with alarm. Nevertheless, as soon as any force appeared, resistance was of the slightest. At a place called Monklands when the troops advanced Paul Bogle endeavoured to attack them with about seventy men. When the soldiers fired, his men ran, and that was the only battle of the Jamaica rebellion.

But this miserable affray was the excuse for an orgy of murder, flogging and looting. Nearly 600 blacks were killed, mostly without the least evidence. The negro villages in the whole of the suspected areas were pillaged. One private reckoned that his regiment had collected £700. The floggings which were inflicted were literally innumerable. The "cat" used was strengthened with wire for men. Women were also flogged on an extensive scale: according to the British press reports (which Lord Olivier does not discuss) the method of their flogging was indecent. Houses were burned and livestock shot down. Gordon, a member of the Assembly who had attacked him, Eyre seized in Kingston, where there was not martial law, transported him to Morant Bay, where there was, shot him there, and sent him back for burial

What was the real cause of the Great War?

J. A. SPENDER

FIFTY YEARS OF EUROPE

'By bringing all the relevant details into the compass of a single volume Mr. Spender has made an enormous contribution to that sane and balanced estimate of the causes of the War to which we must attain if we are to deal wisely with the conditions which the War has left. . . A text-book, opening up a field of knowledge hitherto too vast to be accessible.'—
Times Lit. Supplement

Just Published. ***21s. net.***

CASSELL

Trekking On
COLONEL DENEYS REITZ

'An even greater book than *Commando*.' *Daily Telegraph*. 'Literature cleared for action . . . What a career! Yes, and what a character.' *Morning Post*. 15/-

Old Soldiers Never Die
Pte. F. RICHARDS, D.C.M., M.M.

SECOND PRINTING

'A gem among war books.' *Daily Telegraph*. 'An old soldier spills the beans.' *British Legion*. 'A sheer joy.' *Sunday Times*. 7/6

The Ghost of Napoleon
Capt. LIDDELL HART

'An utterly modern work, and a work of VITAL IMPORTANCE, especially to us.' *Sunday Times*. Here is the key to the suicide of civilisation in the 20th century. 7/6

The Cuban Farm
WILSON WRIGHT

'A lively and admirably told story, which throws many interesting side-lights on the course of Cuban politics during the past 20 years or so.' *The Times*. 7/6

Wild Deer
R. HERNEKIN BAPTIST

The theme of this novel by the author of *Four Handsome Negresses* is the tragedy of the Negro in South Africa. 'A good story.' —Hamish Miles in the *New Statesman*. 7/6

Striplings
N. WARNER HOOKE

'A most unusual book. . . honest and forthright and very good to read.' *Sunday Times*. 7/6

Fare You Well, My Shining City
T. WASHINGTON-METCALFE

'A remarkable power of persuading the reader to believe in the reality of his people and their adventures.' *Sunday Times*. 7/6

The Hand of Man
NOEL JAQUIN

Palmistry as an exact science and an aid to medical diagnosis. Illustrated with 64 imprints and micro-photographs of hands, including those of Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Henry Segrave, Prof. Einstein, etc. 12/6

The Lord Fish
WALTER DE LA MARE

A new collection of short stories by Mr. de la Mare with perfect illustrations by Rex Whistler, a happy combination of author and artist which first occurred with *Desert Island*. 10/6

Art Now
HERBERT READ

An explanation, and the foundations of an æsthetics of modern art. With 128 full page illustrations including the works of nearly every significant painter and sculptor. 12/6

Henri Gaudier-Brzeska
HORACE BRODZKY

'An admirable portrait of this wayward genius.' *Sunday Times*. 'The illustrations—for which alone the book is worth buying—show the whole astonishing range of his exquisite work.' *Morning Post*. 10/6

A Draft of XXX Cantos
EZRA POUND

Ernest Hemingway: 'The best of Pound's writing—will last as long as there is any literature.' 7/6

The Philosophy of Communism
JOHN MACMURRAY

Few, even among Communists, understand 'the Marxian dialectic'. This concise analysis will be a welcome relief to many readers. 3/6

Seaplane Solo
FRANCIS CHICHESTER

'The most exciting book I have ever read about flying.' DAVID GARNETT in the *New Statesman*. 10/6

Country Days
A. G. STREET

A collection of Mr. Street's recent broadcast talks ranging from hedgehogs to motor-cars and gossips with neighbouring farmers. Mr. Street has the power of making his readers hear the sounds of the countryside, smell the good English earth, and watch with him the changing seasons as he goes milking, trout-fishing or haymaking. With eight photographs by Hoppé. 6/-

South Moon Under
MARJORIE K. RAWLINGS

'A rattling good pioneering story.' *Cambridge Daily News*. 7/6

FABER & FABER
24 RUSSELL SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1

All this he did with a certainty of public approval which is naive, but common, in men of his class. His instruments were men who to the non-military mind must appear demented, or half-demented. Major-General Jackson, for example, thus testified at the inquiry:

Q. What o'clock was it when you first heard [the rioters]?

A. I will tell you about it—I must tell you first that I am a little bit of an eccentric person.

Q. Will you have the kindness to answer the question? What o'clock was it when you heard people shouting?

A. I will answer it; although I do not think I am compelled by the law of England to do so. . . .

* * *

Q. What force did you find?

A. When I found a Colonel with medals on his breast, of course I did not presume to ask him how many men he had.

Q. Did the rebels ever come up to you at Arntully?

A. Do you think these black rascals would ever come up before a white soldier? . . . When we went to Monklands I went on half a mile ahead. I could not contain myself, to tell you the truth!

Q. Were you much in advance of the military force?

A. No, not more than I ought to be.

Q. How far was that?

A. Why! Sir! Where is an officer's position? What a question!

General Jackson lived to an old age: Provost Ramsay and Colonel Hobbs, other heroes, perhaps better advised, killed themselves.

THE THOMIST GOD

The Conception of God in the Philosophy of Aquinas. By ROBERT LEET PATTERSON. *George Allen and Unwin.* 21s.

To have reduced the whole two hundred thousand words of his D.Phil. (London) thesis into an abstract of a page and a half is not the least Herculean of Dr. Patterson's tasks, and his argument is so clear, so complete, so simple that it provides a key to all the mazes of scholastic theodicy explored by the angelic Doctor's latest critic. Indeed, to have written so concise a summary to so immensely detailed and complicated a book is an achievement worthy of comparison with St. Thomas' own identification of Plato's self-moving prime mover and Aristotle's unmoved first mover!

Dr. Patterson, since he accepts M. de Sertillange's contention that "the proof of God is the task of the entire theodicy," examines the whole "nature and extent of such knowledge of God as St. Thomas Aquinas believed it possible for the human reason to attain without the aid of revelation," and criticises one by one the proofs of that existence accepted, rejected, or invented by Aquinas.

His object, indeed, is to subject the whole philosophy of St. Thomas, apart from his theology, to a minute investigation, not in the light of modern knowledge, or experience or reason, but only in so far as St. Thomas is true and consistent with himself, only, as it were, according to his own light; how entirely consequent, logical and inevitable were the angelic Doctor's arguments?

The fact that when Dr. Patterson is successful in his objections—as when he attacks the dismissal of God's materiality in the statement "could we point to any differences between God and matter, it would follow that they had something in common; but pure actuality and pure potentiality have nothing in common—" he is reaching Aristotle also through Aquinas worries him not at all. For the Aristotle interpreted by Aquinas is a tortured thinker, pared here and pruned there to fit the vast three-cornered structure that was erected by the Fathers of the Church. Indeed, the ingenuity of Aquinas in fitting the whole of Aristotle and Plato, the whole content of philosophy as then was known or imagined, into the confines of Catholic truth is comparable only to the strange genius of modern psycho-analytical writers such as Freud and his disciples, who reduce the whole sum of human experience to the compass of suppressed sexual desire.

The solidity of the Aquinian philosophy is truly amazing, for even if all the premises of modern science are accepted the philosophical argument is unweakened. It makes no difference that Aquinas' astronomical and physical examples have been blown sky-high; only where his argument is at variance with itself, a house divided, does it fall. And, very wisely, Dr. Patterson's criticisms are not directed, as were those of Kant, at the Thomist reasoning where or because it is out of date, or fails to coincide with modern knowledge and experience. For Aquinas met his most revolutionary contestants more than half way. He emphatically denied, for example, that the truth of the doctrine of creation could be demonstrated philosophically, and there was for him nothing contradictory in the conception of an infinite number of secondary causes succeeding each other in time, for "the moving world, even if it be without beginning or end, requires nevertheless a cause which is itself without beginning or end, to the reality of which the world is an everlasting witness."

Dr. Patterson is at his most brilliant when he shows how clumsily and ineffectively Aquinas avoids the conclusions of Pantheism on the one hand and of Manichaeism on the other, whilst his interesting comparison of Aquinas and Bradley suggests that their relations might be further discussed and might themselves form an excellent subject for a D.Phil. thesis. The "most crucial point of all"—the last three chapters of the third part, where St. Thomas' latest critic maintains that his whole reconciliation of Catholicism and Aristotle breaks down owing to "the impossibility of reconciling the multiplicity of objects known and willed by the Deity with the simplicity of the divine essence"—is an even more devastating criticism of the whole Thomist philosophy than was the Kantian critique of Thomas' first three proofs.

The unsatisfactory nature "of the relation of Aquinas' theory of analogy to the Via Remotionis" is not, on the other hand, clearly enough demonstrated. Whilst it is true that Dr. Patterson shows how in spite of all protestations the two are forced to assume an attitude of flat contradiction where none is necessary, yet he gives no possible alternative successor to the negative way than the way of analogy, of which, indeed, it is the logical sequitur.

His penetrating although brief study of St. Thomas' attitude to mysticism, and, indeed, of the attitude of philosophy in general, and Catholic philosophy in particular, to the mystical approach to God is a fitting conclusion to a work which is worthy to stand beside Gilson and de Sertillanges, and which is, indeed, the first English study of Thomist philosophy to occupy that position.

SCHOOL
A Monthly Journal of Living and Learning 6D

Edited by
Christopher Blake

Contents:
EDUCATION
HEALTH
LITERATURE
DRAMA
ART
CINEMA
MUSIC
ASTRONOMY

Contributors:
Dr. ALLINSON
CHRISTOPHER BLAKE
WILFRED GIBSON
D. M. GOODFELLOW
WILL HAY
A. K. C. OTTAWAY
LUCIEN PISSARRO
M. C. QUINN
DORA RUSSELL
FRANK RUTTER
FLORA ROBSON
ARTHUR F. THORN
HUGH WALPOLE

"This is just the paper that is needed."
HUGH WALPOLE

In view of the great demand for our first issue (completely sold out following a reprint) we would advise an early application to your Newsagent.

No. 2
NOW ON SALE
AT ALL BOOKSTALLS

The
Popes
and their
Church
By Joseph McCabe
New and Revised Edition
2/6 NET
(By Post 2s.10d)
A SEARCHLIGHT ON ROME
A Devastating Exposure of the Pretensions and Claims of Roman Catholicism.
C. A. WATTS & CO. LTD., JOHNSON'S COURT, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

PHILOSOPHY

LEADING CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER:

INTELLECTUALISM — VITALIS NORSTRÖM

A SCHOLASTIC THEORY OF ART — V. BURDWOOD EVANS

THE PROBLEM OF JUSTICE IN PLATO'S REPUBLIC — B. M. LAING, M.A. D. Litt.

VALUES AND THEIR RELATIONS — A. E. GARVIE, M.A., D.D. D.Th.

NIETZCHE AND EPICUREAN PHILOSOPHY — A. H. J. KNIGHT, M.A

POETRY AND TRUTH — HELEN WODEHOUSE, D. Phil.

CUDWORTH AND DESCARTES — JOSHUA C. GREGORY, B.Sc., F.I.C.

Philosophical Survey. New Books. Correspondence. Institute Notes.

Price 3s. 6d. net. *Annual subscription 14s. net post free.*

MACMILLAN & CO. LTD. LONDON W.C.2

HIBBERT JOURNAL

A Quarterly Review of Religion. Theology and Philosophy
Edited by L. P. JACKS

OCTOBER ISSUE NOW READY

CONTENTS

FROM NEWMAN TO GORE By The Right Reverend Bishop Hamilton Baynes
POEMS OF JESUS By Rev. Canon B. H. Streeter, F.B.A.
THE NATURE OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE By Professor Clement C. J. Webb
THE RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE OF SADHU SUNDAR SINGH By Muriel Kent
MAN'S LIMITATIONS OR GOD'S? By Dr. F. C. S. Schiller
THE CROSS IN UTOPIA By Professor Vida D. Scudder
WHAT DOES THE CRUCIFIXION MEAN? By C. J. Cadoux, D.D.
REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST: SIXTY YEARS AGO IN A LINCOLNSHIRE VILLAGE By W. M. Childs, M.A., Hon. D.Litt., Hon. LL.D.
THE MEMORY OF WILBERFORCE By Professor Reginald Coupland
CHURCH AND STATE: THEIR PAST AND PRESENT RELATIONS. By Professor F. J. C. Hearnshaw, M.A., LL.D.
QUAKERISM AS ADVENTURE By E. B. Castle, M.A.
SILENCE AND EMPHASIS IN BUDDHISM By Mrs. Rhys Davids
SURVEY OF RECENT PHILOSOPHICAL LITERATURE By Professor G. Dawes Hicks, F.B.A.
REVIEWS.

2/6 net. Annual Subscription 10/- (post free)

Applications from intending subscribers for a free specimen copy should be addressed to the Publishers,

CONSTABLE & CO. LTD.
10 & 12, ORANGE ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

A POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION to any address in the world costs 30s. 0d. for one year, 15s. 0d. for six months, 7s. 6d. for three months, all post free, and should be addressed to the Manager, N. S. & N., 10 Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2.

2 CHARMING REPRINTS
for the first time in pocket form

THE TECHNIQUE OF THE LOVE AFFAIR
by Doris Langley Moore — Illustrated by Dronsfield

THE THREE-CORNERED HAT
by Alarcón — Translated by Martin Armstrong
Illustrated by Norman Tealby

SOHO LIBRARY — EACH 3/6

2 IMPORTANT POLITICAL BIOGRAPHIES of timely interest

WALTHER RATHENAU
by Count Harry Kessler

'Coming to be recognised as one of the founders of the new Germany and a martyr for generous and clear-sighted aspirations' MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

ANNIE BESANT
by Geoffrey West

'Takes us through scene after scene of this strange biographical drama with admirable narrative skill' THE TIMES

Uniform with
H. G. WELLS by Geoffrey West

OLYMPUS LIBRARY — EACH 4/6

GERALD HOWE

THE
LIBERAL MAGAZINE

Edited by HAROLD STOREY

OCTOBER NUMBER

Viscount Grey of Fallodon,
By The Marquess of Crewe.

Government by Caucus.

The Nazi War Manual.

Trades Union Congress.

Foreign Notes—Extracts from Speeches—Blue Books—Statistics—Diary of the Month, etc.

6d. Monthly. *6s. a Year.*

Liberal Publication Department,
21, Abingdon Street, London, S.W.1.

Adam and Eden

The *Daily Express* declares that "well-dressed men in Paris have found a new model in Mr. Anthony Eden . . . Parisians consider Mr. Eden the best-dressed Englishman. In particular, they admire the cut of his trousers." Well, we can think of one or two members of the Government (and the Opposition) who wouldn't have made even that impression in Paris! It's something to be grateful for—to a tailor, quite a lot!

It is a sober fact, however, that Englishmen's tailoring styles are copied all over the world. Mind you, the copying is often bad copying and worse tailoring. But the flattery of imitation is there all the same.

Even the modest little house of Goss sends clothes to some out-of-the-way parts of the globe, and quite frequently men come home on leave and say that they have been "saving up" a nice little re-stocking order for us. You see Goss makes all kinds of men's wear, including tropical outfits for the East or the thickest and warmest clothes for the northernmost North.

But just making them isn't enough. The knowledge of exactly what is needed in texture, weight, colour and other qualities, is so absolutely necessary if clothes are to give the normal Goss comfort and durability under abnormal climatic conditions, not forgetting the vagaries of our own!

* * *

Autumn is on us. The evenings begin to chill. Overcoats must come out of their hiding places very soon, in fact some are out already. What does your overcoat look like? Why not face up to the question here and now and if you need a new one (which goodness knows we hope you will!) then come along to Goss next week and see what a fine show of new materials there is for your selection.

And those Dress Clothes! How are they looking? A new dinner jacket, perhaps? An extra pair of trousers, maybe, or is it to be a clean sweep of the old dress clothes and a new outfit altogether? Whichever it is, Goss will be delighted to serve you.

Goss's modest first floor premises and slight overheads, also their practice of asking customers to pay cash on completion of order, make possible very reasonable charges for a standard of tailoring equal to any obtainable in London. A thoroughly reliable Goss suit or overcoat may now be bought for Six Guineas, the better materials costing Seven to Nine Guineas. Dress suits Eight to Twelve Guineas.

T. GOSS & COMPANY

GOSS

Tailoring

15 Newgate St., London, E.C.1

Opposite Post Office Station *'Phone: City* 8259

SHORTER NOTICES

Stories of Men and Women in Love. By H. G. WELLS. *Hutchinson.* 7s. 6d.

The Walter de la Mare Omnibus. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

The Complete Novels and Plays of Saki. (H. H. MUNRO.) *Lane.* 7s. 6d.

Bits of Mr. Wells have been put into "omnibuses" before: the short stories, the scientific fantasies, Kipps and Polly together: now we have "Love and Mr. Lewisham," "The Secret Places of the Heart," "The Passionate Friends," and "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman" in one volume. They are not the best of Wells, and are probably less read than most of his other novels, but it is convenient to have them in a single volume well printed and bound. Mr. Wells has written a preface to them. The *Walter de la Mare Omnibus* contains "Henry Brocken," "The Return" and "Memoirs of a Midget"—each, unfortunately, in a different-sized type, which is disconcerting even to the possessor of omnibuses. The complete Saki contains three novels and three plays, with introductions by Mr. Maurice Baring, Lord Charnwood, Mr. J. A. Spender, and Sir John Squire. This is a companion volume to the Complete Short Stories which appeared last year. "Saki" is still not generally recognised as a genuine and original humorist, and these well-produced volumes will probably be a surprise to many readers.

A Modern Pilgrimage. By MARY BERENSON. *Appleton.* 12s. 6d.

The pilgrimage described in this book extended from Jerusalem through Samaria and Galilee to Damascus, from Damascus to Palmyra, and thence, by way of Baalbec, back to Beirut. Mrs. Berenson is lucky in a style which is neither pedantic nor excessively anecdotal and facetious; she realises—as so many modern travellers have failed to do—that what interests a reader is primarily the narrative of things seen; *not* the misadventures of the journey, quarrels with inn-keepers and guides, or a humorous catalogue of bad beds and depressing smells. Thus, when describing the magnificent ruins of Palmyra, she holds an accurate balance between description and mere personal impressions, yet manages to convey something of the emotion that, among the shattered columns of the Temple of the Sun, under the intense blue of the Syrian sky, she herself so bewilderingly experienced. Particularly vivid is her account of how, all one night, she heard an endless train of camels come lumbering and snorting down to drink of the Palmyrene brook. She eschews "fine writing," but is able to give a delightful and convincing picture of the buildings themselves and of the rust-red desert and violet-shadowed hills by which they are surrounded. From Palmyra she moved on to Aleppo. Here the great citadel, towering above "the most Eastern of Syria's big towns," is depicted appreciatively yet simply. Reading her unpretentious narrative one never loses sight of the place, as she originally visited and enjoyed it, in the literary use to which it has since been put. Mrs. Berenson travelled by the most comfortable methods and visited sites that are nowadays easily accessible. The fact that it was not an adventure of the body—and "adventures," as such, are often tedious—made her intellectual pilgrimage all the more stimulating.

Old Soldiers Never Die. By FRANK RICHARDS. *Faber and Faber.* 7s. 6d.

Private Richards, "oldest of old soldiers—with three campaigns and over eighteen years' service to his credit," has written a breezy close-up of the war. He was in the same battalion of the Royal Welch Fusiliers as Robert Graves and Siegfried Sassoon, both of whom he mentions, and his narrative is perhaps unique if for no other reason than that it covers the entire period of the war in France.

La Divina Commedia. *Dent.* 6s.

This is a reprint of the whole *Divine Comedy,* the Italian, edited by H. Oelsner, the *Inferno* translated by J. A. Carlyle, the *Purgatorio* translated by Thomas Okey, the *Paradiso* translated by Philip Henry Wicksteed. The Italian verse is ranged alongside the English translation, which is in prose—a close translation, perhaps too close, for the English syntax is, at times, a little difficult to unravel. But the glamour of great poetry breathes out of the translation, which offers abundance of clear strength and beauty. On page 31 it is interesting to alight on the source of one of Mr. Eliot's borrowings "I should never have believed Death had undone so many," rendered by Mr. Eliot in *The Waste Land* as "I had not thought Death had undone so many." This complete translation of the *Divine Comedy* will probably remain the standard one for a long time to come.

Economic Equality in the Co-operative Commonwealth. By H. STANLEY JEVONS. *Methuen.* 10s. 6d.

Diagnoses and remedies for our economic ills are plentiful enough these days, but it takes a brave man to offer his readers, as Professor Stanley Jevons does, a complete Socialist Utopia brought up to date. Brave New Worlds are rather under a cloud just now. His book—a rather unwieldy one—is a plea, inspired chiefly, though not slavishly, by Bellamy's *Looking Backward,* for a forthright Communism and the abolition of money, which is to be replaced by a judicious combination of credit and free services. The psychological arguments which led him to reject the more easy-going Socialist beliefs of his earlier years

BY APPOINTMENT

To China and Peru
and the Back o' Beyond

Christmas Gifts should be posted in October.

MACKIE'S EDINBURGH SHORTBREAD and MACKIE'S EDINBURGH CAKES have a unique keeping quality which makes them perfect presents for distant friends.

An illustrated price list and postage particulars will be sent promptly on request.

J. W. MACKIE & SONS LTD.
108, Princes Street, EDINBURGH
Telegram: : Mackie, Edinburgh.

E.M.G.
HAND-MADE GRAMOPHONES

are made in small numbers to a very high standard of perfection, musically and technically. They give reproduction that is nearer to the original performance than do any other gramophones. Handmade gramophones which are sold direct to the public cost from 12 guineas. They may also be paid for by convenient instalments. Let us send you further details.

DAVEY RADIO

differs from mass production products in that each instrument we make is designed specifically for the work it has to do. Conditions of reception vary greatly, you may be troubled with local interference, in short you need for perfect satisfaction, a set or radiogramophone made for *you*. Davey Radio caters for just this. We shall be happy to demonstrate at any time and full details are available.

The Art of Record Buying

is the title of a little book, quite unique in its way. It is free to all who are interested in good records and good record service. Please send for a copy.

E.M.G.
HAND-MADE
GRAMOPHONES Ltd.
11 Grape Street, W.C.2
(behind the Princes Theatre).
Temple Bar 7166-7.

Will you Accept a Free Sample of a French Professor?

A VERY unusual offer, certainly; but if you've ever wished you could speak another language, you will be interested in it. Here is an opportunity of listening in your own home to Professor Michenot, a famous Professor and one of the foremost living teachers of French, and of seeing exactly how he sets about teaching you French by the method that is accepted to-day as the only rational method of Language study—the Linguaphone Method.

What we are asking you to accept—of course without any obligation on your part; you will not be asked to pay for it, nor even to return it—is, in fact, a Gramophone Record of two lessons from a Linguaphone Conversational Course. (The Record is taken from the French Course, but the Method is just the same for all languages.) The friendly voice that speaks to you from this Record is the one that you will hear (amongst others) in the actual Course, talking naturally and interestingly about everyday subjects, while you follow the words in the illustrated Text-book that accompanies the Records.

You will see that this is no ordinary "Free Sample Offer," and even if you have never thought of writing for a Free Sample you will appreciate this one. It is, as it were, an "intellectual" sample, a sample of the work of some of the finest brains of to-day, who have collaborated to produce, in the Linguaphone Conversational Courses, a method that has replaced the old tedious drudgery of language-learning with an altogether fascinating occupation for leisure hours.

It won't take you a moment to fill up the form below and post it to the Linguaphone Institute; and when you receive the Record and the interesting 28-page book about Linguaphone, which we will send you by return, you will really be very glad indeed that you took the trouble.

COURSES IN
French
German
Spanish
Italian
Russian
Polish
Dutch
Swedish
Irish
English
Afrikaans
Esperanto
Persian
Chinese

Literary Courses and Travel Talks for Advanced Students

LINGUAPHONE LTD.
23 LIVING LANGUAGES

POST THIS FORM

or if in London call for a personal demonstration at our Head Office, 24-27, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

WEST END:
209 Regent St., W.1.

DUBLIN:
3, Grafton Street.

To the LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE,
294, Napier House, 27 High Holborn
London, W.C.1.

Please send me, post free, your 28-page book about the quick, new and easy Linguaphone way of learning languages, together with FREE TRIAL FRENCH RECORD

Please Write in Block Capitals

Name..................................

Address..................................

It is clearly understood that the acceptance of this record places me under no obligation either to purchase or return it.

are less conclusive to the reader than to the author. He makes an honest effort to tackle the relationship of costs and prices under Socialism, but his projected method of calculating the former hardly holds water, and he appears to underestimate the extent to which the advantages of planning, with its elimination of competitive waste, may be offset by administrative difficulties. He does, at all events, aim at following up and satisfying consumers' demand as observed in retail trade; he does not plan for planning's sake and leave the consumer to like it or lump it. There remains, in his totalitarian Utopia, the serious risk of stereotyping the economic system and limiting all future progress to lines already mapped out. It is true that these are old objections to all retrenchments on the field of economic individualism; but nothing is gained by disregarding them. However, *Economic Equality* is a reasonable and a pleasantly tolerant analysis of an organisation of society which is none the worse (though the phrase fairly indicates the author's optimism) for being described as " the reign of brotherly love."

Hunter's Moon. By LEONARD M. H. HANDLEY. *Macmillan.* 15s.

There is a quality in Major Handley's hunting stories rare in the literature of big-game, for he writes as one who savours in his sport more than the stalk, the kill, and the trophy, more even than the contact with nature in the wild. There is a frank enjoyment of primitiveness expressed in every description of the stark discomforts of jungle life that gives the whole book a character of its own. To Major Handley the dawn coming up like thunder is a delight, but, one feels, equally delightful to him, at any rate in reminiscence, are those abortive tramps in dripping leech-infested forest when he was bled from the waist down. Much of the book is devoted to tiger-hunting; and the tracking of a man-eater through unspeakable horrors to the final kill is as powerful and grisly a bit of jungle realism as hunting literature can boast. The Major's hunting grounds were the jungle between the Vindyha mountains and the Narbuda, Gondia, the Mysore jungles, and, providing the best yarns of all, the forest area of Tenasserim, where he saw nature and man as raw as even he could desire. A most agreeable and attractive book notable especially for its praise and love of loneliness, and its contemptuous dislike of civilised society, particularly as it is manifested in Anglo-Indian cantonments. There are many excellent illustrations.

The European Nations in the West Indies, 1493-1688. By Prof. A. P. NEWTON. *Black.* 15s.

This is on the whole a successful attempt to treat two centuries of West Indian history as a whole by linking it on to the history of Europe. There is quite a lot of detail about the islands, about slavery and the buccaneers, about the voyages of Hawkins and Drake, about the Puritan stronghold of Providence and the exploits of Henry Morgan. But there is also much, less picturesque, material about treaties and alliances, about Coligny and Richelieu and Louis XIV, about Elizabeth and James I and Anglo-Dutch wars and the organisation of West Indian Companies. Sometimes one would like a little more about the Caribbean and a little less about the chancelleries of Europe, and it is a little tantalising to be so often and so relentlessly carried by Professor Newton across the Atlantic, away from battle, murder and sudden death in tropical seas to what can only be a bare summary of European political vicissitudes. Still, fair warning is given in the Introduction, where we are told that " romance is not our business," and that " we are concerned with matters of sober politics, of treaties and theories of international law and the like, and the buccaneers find their way in, not as picturesque figures of melodrama, but because they were for a time an instrument of high policy."

CRUISING

ON THE ONE HAND
The need for cash to pay wine bills, laundry charges, tips, and odd expenses on board the ship.

AND ON THE OTHER
The danger of carrying on one's person or in the luggage more than a minimum sum in notes.

The two may be reconciled in our Travellers Cheques of £5 or £10 each, which Customers may buy at a moment's notice at any of our branch offices; the £5 cheques are generally the handier. For obtaining foreign money for use ashore, we again suggest our Travellers Cheques; or if only loose change is needed, it can usually be had on board before touching in at ports of call

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

About Motoring

A NEW SUNBEAM

FOR 1933 the famous Sunbeam factory produced no closed car priced at less than £695. For 1934 the firm offers an entirely new four-cylinder-engined saloon at £485. I am not in the confidence of their directors, and am left to guess whether their engineers chanced to think of an irresistible design, or whether the slump pared down their sales of costly vehicles to such an extent that prudence suggested the invasion of cheaper markets. Be that as it may, the new four-cylinder, which is to be called the Dawn, is well worth producing. It is not in any respect a bread-and-butter model unblushingly plagiarised from other people's drawing shops. Some of us have been a little perturbed by the modern tendency to build unbendable frames. Everybody knows that once upon a time the average motor car frame was just about as whippy as a bedslat. The typical 1934 frame, even of a cheap, mass-produced chassis, has very deep box-pattern side-members, a number of stiff cross-pieces, and a great central X. Nothing but a really gigantic stress can bend it. Then what happens when an impatient owner is turning a car round rather violently in a narrow road, and runs a front wheel up a steep bank to reduce the number of his reverses? The frame is unlikely to bend; but when one front wheel is a foot higher than the other some part of the chassis gets a nasty jolt. So we fall victims to a sickening suspicion that all the details associated with that hoisted wheel are subjected to rather rough treatment—axle ends, brake gear, steering details, spring details, and so forth. And we wonder if this is rather a high price to pay for a rigid engine and transmission bed, and for a body platform which cannot wrench pillars and panels so that they swiftly generate squeaks. Such designs look as if they imposed terrific twisting strains on the whole front axle assembly. When we turn to the new Dawn chassis we encounter a very different approach to the problem. The cruciform frame is probably the stiffest on the English market—certainly the stiffest yet constructed for a small car—the tax is only £13. The X-shaped member has long front tips, tucked inside the side-members, and bent round at the ends for attachment to a terrific front cross-member. Here are ample guarantees of a firm bed for engine and drive, which will neither wobble nor bend. Here are ample guarantees for solid foundations on which a fine saloon body can rest without being flexed or weaved or wrenched. But the front wheels each possess a private and individual suspension, so that within reason the off-side front wheel can sit quietly on the road whilst the near-side front wheel can climb a bank, and the frame can still remain horizontal. Nor is this reduction of front axle stresses the sole, or perhaps even the chief, merit of such a layout. Most living motorists can tell their lurid tales of wheel wobble or shimmy, that odd gyroscopic effect which arises with heavy front wheel assemblies when the front springs sag a little, or play develops in the steering joints. It is an incredible phenomenon, capable in extreme cases of being *heard* at a distance of several hundred yards on a still day, or of wrenching the steering wheel out of the grasp of an athlete. In milder cases it takes the form of an unpleasant vibration. It was born when big tyres and heavy front wheel brakes concentrated great weights at the extreme tips of front axles; and it can hardly be eliminated except by adopting separate suspension of the front wheels, such as adorns this new Dawn car and the not dissimilar design of the Alvis Crested Eagle chassis. All these items are highly attractive.

The Dawn engine is of the high-efficiency type with an aluminium cylinder block, fitted with chrome-nickel cast-iron liners of

COMPANY MEETING

BRITISH INTERNATIONAL PICTURES

CONSOLIDATION OF INTERESTS

The sixth ordinary general meeting of British International Pictures, Ltd., was held on Friday, September 29th, in London.

Mr. John Maxwell (the Chairman) said that the results of the year, showing approximately the same profits as in the previous year, were, the Directors felt, reasonably good in view of the difficult prevailing conditions. The business done on the company's productions had been well maintained, and the quality of the productions had improved steadily during the year. He felt sure that the shareholders would approve the policy of the Board in restricting the Ordinary dividend again to 5 per cent., and using the balance of profits in strengthening the reserve. At the same time, he confidently looked forward to improved results in the current and future years, and to an improving return on the Ordinary capital, as they might fairly consider the making of such large appropriations for reserves—this year over 50 per cent. of their profits—would not be required to the same degree.

Dealing with the proposal to create new 6 per Cent. First Preference Shares and additional Ordinary Shares for the purpose mainly of offering these shares in exchange for Preference and Ordinary shares respectively in Associated British Cinemas, the Chairman said it was now generally accepted that a company comprehending in itself all the means of production, distribution, and exhibition of pictures was the soundest possible structure. As to how far the proposed exchange and creation of new shares would affect the continuity of dividends to their own shareholders, he thought he could reassure them. The merger, if effected, would certainly yield considerable benefits to their own Company, and while it was the policy for some time to come to dedicate all available surplus earnings of the Cinema Company to strengthening its financial position by reduction of its floating indebtedness, those earnings would, at any rate, be accumulating as substantial reserves which would automatically accrue to their own shareholding in the Cinema Company. He had no doubt that they would be able to maintain continuity of dividends in all classes of British International Pictures shares.

The report was adopted and the capital proposals approved.

At a subsequent ordinary general meeting of Associated British Cinemas the report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

Are you still *writing* your letters, etc.?

Why not type them on a 'Good Companion' instead? It will add to your prestige, save your time and enable you to keep copies. The 'Good Companion' is the only English made portable typewriter with a Standard 4-bank keyboard.

Price **12 Guineas**

or by subscription payments £2 2. 0. deposit

Imperial
'Good Companion'

POST TO-DAY

To Imperial Typewriter Co. Ltd. Leicester, Eng.

Please send me your 'Good Companion' folder.

Name ....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)
....
....

N.S.

VAPEX
TRADE MARK
INHALANT

Breathing Passages Clear
Infection Overcome
Your Cold must disappear

WHILST the breathing passages are choked with mucus the respiratory system cannot function properly. If the infection is not dealt with, the real cause of the cold is left unattacked.

"**Vapex**" succeeds because it deals with both these problems at the same time.

The simple act of breathing the "Vapex" vapour from your handkerchief—

Opens a way through the mucus-laden passages of nose and throat.

Carries an active germicide into direct contact with the infected area. (Every cold is an infection and, therefore, dangerous.)

You can definitely feel the first part of the "Vapex" activity—the stuffiness and congestion are rapidly relieved, the head clears, breathing becomes easier. And all the time the germicidal vapour is fighting the hidden infection which is the real cause of the trouble.

Always keep "Vapex" in the house so that you can use it at the first sign of a cold—that "stuffiness" which means that the germs are multiplying. Delay is dangerous. Use "Vapex" and Breathe.

Of Chemists 2/- and 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

V105

VISIT

U.S.S.R.

For the November Celebrations (Anniversary of the Revolution).

SPECIAL CONDUCTED PARTY

From LONDON OCT. 28th.
3 WEEKS TOUR from £23
(including visits to Moscow Theatres).

Write for Programme S.2

INTOURIST LTD.

(*Official Agents of the State Travel Bureau of U.S.S.R.*)

Bush House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2
or Leading Travel Agencies.

the "wet" type, against the outer surfaces of which the cooling water impinges. Machined inside and out, they are not subject to distortion under heat; and when the inevitable wear occurs they are far more easily and cheaply renewed than any rival type of piston path, for the sealing joints at top and bottom of the liners are simple to make, and a new set of liners is cheaper than re-boring, and is a safer engineering job.

On the road the Dawn provides sensations hitherto monopolised by much larger vehicles. Both in respect of firm steering and steady suspension it is free from the typical failures of small, light cars. Driven fast over waved or potholey going it masterfully rules its own line of progress, and holds it defiantly, refusing to be deflected or to surrender to pitch and bounce. It does not feel as if it were struggling to keep its path or to resist being flung about the road. It just goes where its conductor wishes it to go, and laughs at disturbances.

For transmission its sponsors have wisely preferred the Wilson preselector gear box with four speeds; and if this box is cleverly used the performance is extremely vivacious. But a stodgier method of handling can obtain good results, as the engine is wonderfully willing on top gear for so small a four-cylinder, the pulling power being quite good at low speeds on a high ratio. Moreover, the special Sunbeam method of engine mounting provides plenty of absorption for any spasmodic roughness in the pulling. The power unit is actually four-point suspended, but on somewhat original lines. There are front and rear supports for the engine on its centre line; the front pivot employs a Silentbloc bush, and its frame attachments are similarly bushed. At each side of the engine there are rubber-cushioned torque arms fixed to the flywheel housing, and the nett effect is to swallow up any jerkiness which might otherwise mar the silkiness of propulsion.

The single standard body is a typical Sunbeam saloon, both in the solid austerity of its outlines and in the secret character of its construction. Its building principles correspond closely to those outlined by Mr. W. H. Hunt in the current issue of *The Automobile Engineer* as ideal for the finest imaginable coachwork. They consist of insuring as stiff a body platform as science can devise; and then erecting on such a firm foundation a composite structure, embodying the best ash framing, strong steel or malleable brackets of maximum rigidity and minimum weight, and a covering of non-corroding aluminium panelling. It is impossible to fault this body, except that its limited dimensions make a luggage locker impracticable. There is, however, a very useful disappearing grid, which imposes no disfigurement when it is out of use. Altogether, a most attractive car.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 41.—"PONDERS END"

(By E. T. O. Slater)

Three gentlemen, a financier, a detective and a blackmailer, live at Elmers End, Ponders End and Worlds End. Their names are Elmer, Ponder and World. No one lives at his own End. Each, himself a prospective victim, has decided to murder one of the other three. On September 13th at 8 p.m. they all set out on their tasks. For the purposes of this problem it takes five hours to get from Elmers End to Ponders End, four hours to get from Ponders End to Worlds End, and three hours to get from Worlds End to Elmers End. Each performs two journeys that night. The blackmailer, finding his victim out, goes to his own End. The detective calls on his victim, poisons his whiskey in his absence, and goes to Elmers End. The financier arrives at the house of the namesake at the End at which he lives, plants a bomb timed to go off four and a half hours later, and goes thence to Ponders End. All three villains die a sudden death.

Ponder dies at 3.30 a.m. on September 14th.
Elmer dies at 5.30 a.m. on September 14th.
World dies at 8.0 a.m. on December 28th.

WHERE DID PONDER MEET HIS END, AND WHAT WERE THE CIRCUMSTANCES?

I APPEAL

to the men and women of our Empire to give generously in support of this great service — the Life-Boats. I appeal not only as President of the Institution, but as Master of the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets.

Edward P

Every year the Life-Boat Service needs 1,000,000 contributions of 5/- each.

WILL YOU SEND 5/- TO-DAY?

THE EARL OF HARROWBY, Honorary Treasurer.
LT.-COL. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E. Secretary.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,
Life-Boat House, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.

PROBLEM 39.—

There were originally two friends with Dyson.

We have the following possible throws for five dice:—

Three or more of a kind	1656
Two pairs	1800
One pair	3600
No pair	720
	7776

Hence the probability of success in a single throw is 1656/7776 or .213.

If one has thrown a pair and retained it the possible throws for three dice are:—

At least one of the same kind as the pair	91
Three of another kind	5
Others	120
	216

Hence the probability of success, if one is shaking to a pair, is 96/216 or .444.

The probability of success from two pairs is 1/3, and we therefore learn that one should keep one, but not more than one, pair if thrown.

We can now complete the table of probability for three throws:—

First.		*Second.*		*Third.*	
Success	.213				
Pair	.694	Success	.308		
		Failure	.386	Success	.172
				Failure	.214
No pair	.093	Success	.020		
		Pair	.064	Success	.028
				Failure	.036
		No pair	.009	Success	.002
				Failure	.007

and the probability of success is .743. Hence the odds are almost exactly 3 to 1 in favour of Bowens getting a free drink and Dyson has two friends with him.

PROBLEM 38.—THE RIPOSTE CLUB

A set of Low's Cartoons is awarded to: W. T. Luckett, 90 Foot's Cray Lane, Sidcup, Kent.

Nine points are awarded for this Problem.

I agree with one or two correspondents that my Problems of late have been rather on the difficult side. This is because of a not unnatural anxiety to exhibit, before their publication in book form, some choice morsels destined for *Caliban's Problem Book*. "Ponder's End," however (which others, I hope, will find as amusing as I do) is one of a number of new Problems with a special appeal to non-mathematicians.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

One set of Low's cartoons is awarded weekly to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition a record is kept of the names of senders of all correct solutions submitted. All solvers qualify for book prizes on a cumulative-point basis. For particulars see THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of May 6th.

Solutions to the current problem must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than the next Tuesday but one after the date of publication.

MUTATIONS

Each missing word is composed of the same letters.

I

An —— grows among the ——,
And —— the bard lets fall, to see
The flower he —— so highly there;
He can but —— in ecstasy.

II

None —— than Cupid, when One bought
—— for Helen. Perish now the thought!
A —— remains, that sears this manly breast;
Deep in one's heart one —— all the rest.

CALIBAN

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALHAMBRA. Wed. & Sat.
Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo.

APOLLO. The Distaff Side. Wed. & Sat.

DRURY LANE. Ball at the Savoy. W. & S.

GLOBE. "Proscenium." Tues. & Sat.

HIPPODROME. Give Me a Ring. W. & S.

PHOENIX. Women Kind. Wed. & Sat.

PICCADILLY. Mon., Sat.,

PRINCE'S. The Wandering Jew. Tu. & Th.

ST. JAMES'. Wed. & Sat.
The Late Christopher Bean.

SAVOY. The Bells. Thurs. & Sat.

BALLETS

ALHAMBRA. Leic. Sq. Evenings at 8.30.
Sir Oswald Stoll presents
BALLETS RUSSES de MONTE CARLO.
Mats. Weds. & Sats. at 2.30. Whitehall 2525.

THEATRES

APOLLO. Evgs. at 8.30. Mats., Wed. Sat., 2.30.
SYBIL THORNDIKE in
THE DISTAFF SIDE,
A comedy by John van Druten.

CROYDON REPERTORY. Fairfield 4529.
Oct. 9 and nightly at 8 p.m. (Saturday at 5 and 8.15 p.m.)
THE YOUNG IDEA.
By Noel Coward.
All seats bookable, 1/6 to 3/6. Close to W. Croydon Stn.

DRURY LANE. Evgs., 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30
BALL AT THE SAVOY.
An Operetta.
Oskar Denes, Natalie Hall, Rosy Barsony.

GATE THEATRE STUDIO, Villiers St., Strand.
Nightly at Nine. Sundays included.
JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON in
AS YOU DESIRE ME. By PIRANDELLO.
Membership 10*s.* 7*d.* per annum. Temple Bar 5563.

GLOBE. Evgs. 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30. Ger. 1592.
MADGE TITHERADGE. IVOR NOVELLO.
ZENA DARE. JOAN BARRY.
"PROSCENIUM."

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. 8.15. W. & S., 2.30.
GIVE ME A RING.
A Comedy Play with Music.
Adele Dixon, Flanagan and Allen,
Will Fyffe, Gina Malo, John Mills, John Garrick.

PHOENIX. (Tem. 8611.) Evenings, 8.30.
BARRY JONES in
WOMEN KIND.
Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30. Reserved seats from 3*s.* 6*d.*

PICCADILLY. 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30. Ger. 4506.
BARRY JACKSON presents
A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN.
ERNEST THESIGER.
DORICE FORDRED. ROBERT DONAT.

PRINCE'S. (Tem. 3633.) 1/- to 5/- inclusive.
Evenings at 8.30. Matinees Tues. & Thurs. 2.30.
MATHESON LANG in
THE WANDERING JEW.

ST. JAMES'. Whitehall 3903.
Evenings, 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat. 2.30.
The Late CHRISTOPHER BEAN.
EDITH EVANS. CEDRIC HARDWICKE.

SAVOY. MARTIN HARVEY
THE BELLS.
Evgs. 8.45. Mats., Thurs. & Sats., 2.30.
Less than Pre-War Prices. Temple Bar 8888.

PICTURE THEATRES

COLISEUM. Charing Cross. Tem. Bar 3161.
12 Noon. (Sundays from 6 p.m.)
DAMAGED LIVES. Last Weeks.
Shown under the auspices of The British Social Hygiene Council. Mixed Adult Audiences.
NO PERSON UNDER 16 ADMITTED.

EMPIRE Leic. Sq. Ger. 1234. 10 a.m.—12 p.m.
An Epic Drama of the Show World.
RING UP THE CURTAIN
10 *STARS!* 300 *CHORUS!!*

PALACE. Daily, 2.30 & 8.30. Suns., 6 & 8.30.
Extra Performance Every Sat. at 6.0.
DINNER AT EIGHT.
Marie DRESSLER, John BARRYMORE, Wallace BEERY, Jean HARLOW, Lionel BARRYMORE, Lee TRACY, Edmund LOWE, Billie BURKE. (Ger. 6834.)

ART GALLERY

BRITTANY, by JEAN FRÉLAUT.
Paintings, drawings and etchings, also Flower Paintings and Landscapes by BEATRICE BLAND. LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Sq., 10–6 daily.

RESTAURANT

TAKE HER SOMEWHERE UNUSUAL for Lunch, Dinner or Late Supper—RULES, of Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. Estd. 1780. Delicious food at moderate prices. Licensed till midnight.

WHERE TO STAY

Town and Country

Special rates are being offered to advertisers under this heading for an introductory series of small advertisements Particulars and quotations from Advt. Manager, 10 Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2.

THACKERAY HOTEL.
OPPOSITE the British Museum, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Hot and cold water in all Bedrooms. Comfort, refinement, Bedroom and Breakfast 8*s.* 6*d.* per night. Illustrated Booklet, "London Old and New," on application.

WHERE to Stay in London.—THE LODGE, 1 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast 5*s.* 6*d.* day, or 30*s.* weekly. With dinner 6*s.* 6*d.* or 2 guineas weekly.

TORQUAY. Howden Court Private Hotel. Quiet but central situation. Overlooking sea. South aspect. Sun room and secluded garden. H. and C. water in bedrooms. A.A. appointed. Telephone 2807.

BOURNEMOUTH FOOD REFORM GUEST HOUSE, Loughtonhurst. West Cliff Gdns. Everything for a restful and happy holiday. From 49*s.* to 70*s.* P.W. Write to Manager for Prospectus.

AUTUMN WEEK-ENDS. Elizabethan cottage near Broxbourne, Herts. Delightful country, every modern comfort, 7*s.* 6*d.* a day. CUTLANDS, Nazeing, ('phone 77), Herts.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. H. and c. water all bedrooms. 'Phone 126.

HARROGATE.—The Little Guest House, 7, St. Mark's Avenue, near station and buses. Quiet. Moderate.

A PLACE in the Sun is assured if you reside, take holiday or recuperate at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, which had 844 hours sunshine in three months this year, more than any other place in England. Write for particulars to TOWN CLERK, N., Town Hall.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

BEDFORD COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
(University of London)
REGENT'S PARK, N.W.1.
PUBLIC LECTURES AT 5.15 P.M.

October 19th.—The Stevenson Lecture on "THE COUNTRYSIDE AND COUNTRY PLANNING," by Professor PATRICK ABERCROMBIE, M.A., F.R.I.B.A.

November 2nd.—The Fawcett Lecture on "CHANGES IN WOMEN THEMSELVES DURING THE LAST HUNDRED YEARS," by Mrs. OLIVER STRACHEY.

Admission free by ticket on application to the Secretary sending stamped addressed envelope.

F. P. S. I.

Public Meeting at Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, on Wednesday, 18th October at 8 o'clock.
Subject: FASCISM, WITH PARTICULAR REFERENCE TO THE POSITION OF WOMEN.
Speakers: DORA RUSSELL.
AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS.
Tickets 1*s.* each. Apply SECRETARY, F.P.S.I., 21 St. Stephens House, Westminster, S.W.1. (Whitehall 2408).

FOUR lectures on THE ENGLISH HOSPITAL SYSTEM, illustrated with lantern slides, will be delivered by Sir George Newman, K.C.B., M.D., D.C.L., LL.D., on the 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th October, 1933, at Gresham College, Basinghall Street, E.C.2, at 6 o'clock. Admission free.

THE Sexology Group of the Promethean Society has arranged for a series of Ten Lectures to be given by Mr. Norman Haire, Ch.M., M.B., on "The Elements of Sexology," at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, Keppel Street, Gower Street, W.C.1, at 8 p.m., on Thursdays, October 12th to December 14th, 1933, inclusive. Fee for the course 10*s.* (no tickets for single lectures).

Application for enrolment should be made at once on forms to be obtained from Kathleen Styles, F.P.S.I., Room 21 St. Stephen's House, Westminster, S.W.1., as no money can be taken or tickets issued at the doors.

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, October 8th, at 11 a.m. PROF. F. AVELING: Personalism A Psychological Standpoint.
Tuesday, October 10th, at 7 p.m. LEONARD G. MONTEFIORE, O.B.E.: The Persecution of the Jews in Germany.
Admission Free. Visitors welcome.

HOSTEL

OAKLANDS INTERNATIONAL HOSTEL.

See Kentish Woodlands in Autumn dress, her hop-gardens and orchards at the Harvest.

Oaklands, the rural home of Oaklands International Association, has a few vacancies in Sept. and Oct. for non-members.

2 guineas per week. 15s. per week-end.

Write now to WARDEN, Oaklands, Hildenborough, Kent. 'Phone; Hilden 122.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

WEST WORTHING. Well furnished brick semi-bungalow. 3 bedrooms, 2 reception, bath, kitchenette, Sentry, main water, electric light, garage, garden, £40 for six months from October. Privett, "Greystones," Sanderstead, Surrey.

HAMPSTEAD, 22 Belsize Avenue. All rooms now taken except large GARDEN ROOM, with kitchen, 25s. Other vacancies notified in this column as occurring.

TO LET, to careful tenant, for six months. Comfortably furnished small, detached house in ideal district. 1d. ride from Golders Green Tube Station. Containing 2 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms, bathroom, kitchen (with new, enamelled Ideal boiler, and gas cooker), garden. Electric light and fires. Telephone. Rent 4 guineas a week. Apply Box 391, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

ST. JAMES'S PARK. High-class Bachelor Flats, 2 rooms, £100 p.a. incl. Service. Apply RESIDENT STEWARD, Albany Chambers, 86 Petty France, S.W.1. 'Phone Vic. 0484.

HAMPSTEAD. Large maisonette, 1st and 2nd floors, 4 large, 2 smaller rooms, K. and up-to-date bath. 2 balconies, c.h.w., 5 min. tube, bus, trams. Occupier going abroad, £165 per [illegible] Frigidaire and fittings if desired at bargain prices. Primrose 5633.

BUMPUS

THE OXFORD DICTIONARY A remarkably cheap re-issue of the great "New English Dictionary" is to be published immediately. It is a complete reprint, with a valuable supplement of accessions to the language during the last forty-five years. The "New English Dictionary" is admittedly the greatest dictionary in any language, and this re-issue, in 13 volumes, costs only £21. Orders are now being booked, and a prospectus can be sent.

MANUSCRIPTS A very interesting show of original manuscripts of contemporary writers is now open. Among the authors represented are Kipling, Barrie, Shaw, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, Hardy, George Moore, D. H. Lawrence, T. S. Eliot, Kenneth Grahame, A. E. Housman, Lytton Strachey.

J. & E. BUMPUS LTD.
BOOKSELLERS TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING
350 Oxford Street, London, W.1
Telephone: Mayfair 3601.

BOOKS

EXCELLENT INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITIES

Earn High Rate of interest from Russian Bills of Exchange—payable in sterling. Sales by British Exporters. Securities held in Trust by Bank Multiples of £50 and upwards. Personal enquiries. Write:

CONST & CO. LTD.,
FIRST AVENUE HOUSE, 45, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.1,
or 'phone Holborn 6251.

THE DYING PEACE

This sixpenny pamphlet (56 pages) was published a week ago by *The New Statesman and Nation.* The First Edition is sold out; a second is in preparation. If you find any difficulty in obtaining a copy, write to Publishers, 10, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2.